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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen President; Anton Christensen Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6979, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dence, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Dennehey, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catharina Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Bolt.

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REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 163—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 236, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

The Newport Social Index.

The Newport Social Index, the only complete directory of society in Newport and vicinity, will be ready for distribution to subscribers early next week. The volume this year is more complete and attractive than ever, and contains a number of new features. The contents comprise a complete list of the summer residents of Newport, Jamestown, Middletown, and Portsmouth, including all the members of the families, with their summer and winter addresses; officers of the army and navy stationed at Newport, with their ladies; Newport clubs and societies; list of cottages with their occupants; vessels of the New York Yacht Club, etc. This is the third season of the Social Index under its present management, and each year it increases in popularity and usefulness. The high class of advertising patronage speaks well for the public appreciation of the book.

Under the auspices of the Queen's Daughters, a very successful lawn fete was held on the grounds of the St. Clare Home on Thames street on the afternoon and evening of the Fourth of July, the money raised being devoted to the work of the home and to the White Sisters. The grounds were very attractively decorated for the occasion. There was a very large variety of articles for sale. The Seventh Artillery Band played during the afternoon and the Harry K. Howard orchestra furnished music for dancing in the evening.

The remains of the late John Y. Thurston, who died in Medfield, Mass., last week, were brought to this city for interment, funeral services being held at the Belmont Memorial Chapel on Sunday. The interment was in the Old Cemetery.

If there is not some move made soon in regard to the building of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Home the corner stone can hardly be laid by the President on Labor Day. The people of Newport are anxious to see work begun.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Howard of Providence, formerly of this city, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on the Fourth of July.

Columbus Day.

The Committee on the Judiciary of the National House of Representatives of which Congressman Sheffield of this city is a member reported in favor of making the twelfth of October, a holiday in the District of Columbia, a holiday to be known as Columbus Day. The report of the Committee was made by Congressman Sheffield and is now on the calender to come up at the next session when it will undoubtedly pass. Colonel Sheffield reporting for the Committee says:

"For a number of years there have been various bills introduced in Congress from time to time providing for the creation of a new holiday in commemoration of Christopher Columbus and the discovery of America. Apparently these bills were introduced pursuant to a large and increasing demand for some proper recognition of the services of Columbus to America. At the hearings before this committee many Representatives and prominent citizens appeared advocating the passage of this legislation. Among those urging this legislation were especially many citizens of Italian birth. They emphasized the importance of the work of their countryman in the discovery of America and that the event was second to none of the events and persons which are now commemorated by holidays.

"It appeared that already many of the States have established a legal holiday in commemoration of the anniversary of the date of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, and that in all cases the day celebrated is the 12th day of October and the day is called Columbus Day. Among these States, as appeared in the hearings before the committee, are California, Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and some others."

Police Busy.

The Fourth of July is not a day that is welcomed by the members of the police force or the fire department. The police officers had long hours of duty on Monday and at times they were kept busy, but a part of their activity was due to the news from the prize fight at Reno. During the evening there were several fracases of a minor character between men of the white and colored race, but the police broke them all up before any serious damage resulted. Late in the night Joseph Tierney received a bad cut in the arm from a knife that required several stitches to close the wound. James G. Rogers, a colored man, was arrested and arraigned in the police court on a charge of assault with a dangerous weapon, it being alleged that he was the man that did the cutting. Although there were several still alarms on the Fourth, calling the emergency companies out for several runs, there was no box alarm during the day and the damage from fire was very slight.

Mr. and Mrs. Damon Lyon will give their fifth annual dramatic and musical recital in Masonic Hall on July 20th at 9 p. m. Mr. Lyon, who has been on the boards over 25 years, and who is a well known favorite here, will give several monologues, and, by request, he will give his English monologue, "Don't You Know." Mrs. Lyon, who is well known in society, will give for the first time a new society monologue, which was written for her, entitled "A Bit of Wedding Cake." She will also give the arena scene from Quo Vadis which will require all Mrs. Lyon's strong dramatic ability. Mrs. Kidder-Pierce, a well known cornet player, will come from New York to assist Mr. Lyon in his recital. She is considered by many as one of the finest cornet players of the day. Many well known society ladies will be patronesses for the occasion.

There seems little doubt but that Newport will see some aerial machines before the summer is over. It is announced that preparations are well under way for trips by dirigible balloon from Narragansett Pier to Newport, and at the former place a balloon shed has already been built. The dirigible balloon has been received from abroad and in a few weeks it will be used to transport venturesome passengers from one place to the other. The balloon is said to have a capacity of three passengers.

Seven men who were passengers on a gasoline launch from New York had a narrow escape from death off Block Island Monday morning when their launch took fire. They were compelled to go overboard and clung to a small skiff until rescued by a Block Island fisherman. They came to Newport on their way to their homes.

There are comparatively few catboats in Newport harbor at the present time, the interest running toward power boats. Nevertheless, there is a brisk demand for "cat" for charter and for purchase.

Fourth of July.

Although the early morning of Monday gave promise of some unpleasant weather for the holiday soon after noon the sun came out delightfully clear with a fresh breeze from the north west and Independence Day was as beautiful as could be desired. There were a large number of strangers in the city, although not as many as in some previous years owing to the threatening weather of Sunday night and Monday morning. The day passed off well. Newport had a good celebration and there were few serious accidents. The only accident of any consequence occurred at the fire-works exhibition at the Beach when Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wheeler, Jr., and their baby were considerably burned by a misdirected rocket.

The programme of the day as arranged by the aldermanic committee was closely adhered to, with the exception of the evening balloon ascension, which had to be omitted on account of the delay in starting the afternoon ascension. There was no ringing of the church bells to arouse the people in the early morning hours so many probably slept later than they have usually done on the glorious Fourth.

The first event of the day was the street parade, and it was a good one. It started from the old State House promptly at the hour set and moved over the route at a good pace. The apprentices from the Training Station and the regulars from Forts Adams and Greble made up the bulk of the line, with the Newport Artillery bringing up the rear. There were three bands of music besides the apprentices, bugle and drum corps. There were many people along the line of march and the marchers were greeted with applause. The spectacle was especially imposing to strangers who had not fully realized what a celebration could be given here.

At noon the national salute of 48 guns, one for each State in the Union, including the two new States which have not yet complied with all the requirements, was fired by the Newport Artillery and the government ships and stations here. The base ball games and field sports at Morton Park attracted large number. In the afternoon many were headed toward Easton's Beach for the purpose of witnessing the balloon ascension which had been set for five o'clock. There was considerable delay in preparing for the ascent, and as the wind had shifted to the unusual quarter in the northwest which threatened to take balloon out to sea it produced a considerable problem to make a safe ascent. It was 7.20 before the balloon went up, and then only one parachute was taken. The parachute came down in the water, but the operator was at once picked up in a boat and landed on the shore. The balloon itself came down in the water off Brenton's Point and got thoroughly soaked.

The fireworks in the evening were hardly up to the standard and there was one bad accident there. The skyrockets did not seem to be under good control, frequently coming to the ground before they had completed their ascent. Several plunged into the crowd, one struck a street car, and another struck a carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Wheeler, Jr., and their small child. Mrs. Wheeler and the baby were burned considerably, but their injuries were dressed and they were able to return home.

The last number on the official programme was the music by the bands on various parks. All drew large crowds, and the music was prolonged until after the usual hour for the band concerts.

An action has been instituted for the purpose of testing the State law regarding the issuing of licenses for the taking of lobsters. Three Greek fishermen have been arraigned in the District Court charged with taking lobsters without a license, and test cases will be made. The trial has been set for July 26.

Mrs. Ratcliffe of Prudence Island was brought to Newport on the boat from Providence on Thursday evening and was taken in the ambulance to the Newport Hospital where she was at once operated upon. The operation was a serious one.

Box 215 of the fire alarm system has been installed at the corner of Gibbs avenue and Champlin street. The men of the department are now at work on another box.

The condition of Mayor Boyle, who has been ill for some time with typhoid fever, seems to be improving slowly, and he is progressing as well as could be expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bickerton of Pawtucket were in Newport for the Fourth.

Washington St. Extension.

The Washington street boulevard, which has been under discussion for many months, which has been once ordered and once abandoned, will soon become an actuality, unless the board of aldermen should again rescind from their vote of Thursday evening, and there is no reason to expect them to do so. At the meeting on that evening the formal decree, declaring a highway from Washington street to Training Station road was adopted and the amount of damages to be paid abutting owners was fixed at $20,823.75. There was no particular opposition to the passage of the decree.

The matter was called up at the regular weekly session for the board, and Mr. F. F. Nolan spoke for his clients, Mr. Kent and Captain Sage, saying that they were entitled to liberal compensation for the damage done them. He did not otherwise oppose the passage of the decree. The board went into executive session for a time, and in open session afterward adopted the decree without a dissenting vote.

Alderman Shepley presided at the meeting of the board and considerable other business was transacted. The matter of a fence on Golden Hill street was taken up, and after reports by the city engineer and the city solicitor it was decided that the fence encroached on public property and the city solicitor was directed to institute legal proceedings to secure possession of the property. It was suggested that the street commissioner be instructed to remove the fence, but the board finally voted to adopt the legal measures.

Considerable routine business was transacted, including the approval of bills and payrolls and the granting of licenses. Complaint was made regarding the location of the new dump in the fifth ward and the matter was referred to the same committee that selected that site, with power to act.

The committee to whom had been referred the matter of weekly excursions here from Boston during the summer, reported that they had met the general passenger agent of the New Haven road in Boston, and that he had assured them that there was no likelihood of any Boston excursions this summer, he giving several reasons therefor.

Society of the Cincinnati.

The members of the order of the Cincinnati in the State of Rhode Island had a busy and entertaining day on the Fourth when the programme for the day comprised the annual business meeting in the morning, luncheon at the residence of Hon. Charles Warren Lippitt at noon, commemorative exercises at the Old State House in the afternoon, and the annual banquet at the Casino in the evening.

At the business meeting in the morning the following officers were elected:

President—Asa Bird Gardiner, Ll. D., L. H. D., of New York.

Vice President—Charles Warren Lippitt, Ph. B., of Providence.

Secretary—George Washington Olney, LL. B., of New York.

Assistant Secretary—Col. C. L. F. Robinson of Newport.

Treasurer—General Hazard Stevens of Boston.

Assistant Treasurer—Thomas Arnold Pierce of East Greenwich.

Chaplain—Rev. Henry Barton Chapin, D. D. Ph.D., of New York.

Member of the Standing Committee of the General Society—Asa Bird Gardiner.

Delegates to General Society—William Dehon King, Manomet, Mass.; George W. Olney, New York; Edward Aborn Greene, Providence; Charles Warren Lippitt, Providence; Hazard Stevens, Boston.

Alternates—Henry Jackson Brightman, East Orange, N. J.; William Watts Sherman, Newport; Oliver Hazard Perry, New York; Charles Howland Russell, New York; Rev. Daniel Goodwin, East Greenwich, R. I.

Marshall—Oliver Hazard Perry.

President Asa Bird Gardiner presided at the afternoon exercises, and the Declaration of Independence was read by ex-Governor George H. Utter of Westerly. The principal address was made by President William H. P. Faunce of Brown University.

The speakers at the dinner at the Casino in the evening included President Asa Bird Gardiner, Lieutenant Governor Zenas W. Bliss, Malcom H. Angell, Judge Arthur L. Brown, General Charles L. Davis, Commander P. W. Hourigan, Judge Willard B. Tanner, Bishop Sidney C. Partridge, Charles Howland Russell, Rev. Charles H. Ewer, Hon. Charles Warren Lippitt. An excellent dinner was served and the handsome club rooms presented a very attractive appearance.

The regular troops at the government posts in this vicinity will start a two weeks' tour of duty in camp next week. They will be joined by the National Guard of Rhode Island the following week.

Mr. Edward S. Rawson of this city, for more than ten years a member of the bar of the Ohio, New York and the United States Court, was on Monday admitted to practice law in Rhode Island.

Recent Deaths.

Joseph Haire.

Mr. Joseph Haire, one of Newport's leading business men and most prominent citizens, died suddenly at his residence on Division street Tuesday evening, following an apoplectic stroke which seized him during the day. His sudden death came as a great shock to his many friends, who did not know that he was ill, but his physician has stated that illness of a similar nature some time ago had given indication of a sudden fatal termination.

Mr. Haire was born in Ireland in 1857, and while still a small boy his parents removed to this country coming to Newport to reside. His father died when the boy was only about 12 years old and he was obliged to seek employment at once. For a time he was at work in New York, but when about 15 years of age was apprenticed to the firm of McAdam & Openshaw where he learned the plumber's trade. He afterward formed a partnership with Mr. P. J. Murphy, under the name of Haire & Murphy, but later he engaged in business for himself and had prospered from the beginning. As his business grew he invested the profits in real estate in the city and accumulated much valuable property. A few years ago he built the large building on Thames street and Swan avenue occupied by F. W. Woolworth & Co.

Mr. Haire had always taken an interest in politics and municipal affairs, and had several times been a member of the city government. He had represented the third ward as a member of the common council and of the board of aldermen. He was elected a member of the representative council from that ward in 1906 and served for two years, declining a renomination. He was a member of the board of health at the time of his death, and had served for one year as its president.

Mr. Haire had long taken an interest in the affairs of the First Presbyterian Church, and had been chairman of the board of trustees for several years. His opinion was highly valued in the conduct of the financial affairs of that institution. He was a member of the Miantonomi Club and of the Newport Yacht Club, and was a former president of the Newport County Club.

He was active in Masonry, being a Past Commander of Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., and member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M.; Newport Chapter, No. 2, R. A. M.; De Blois Council, No. 5, R. & S. M.; and Palestine Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.

Mr. Haire leaves a wife and four daughters. He is also survived by four brothers, James Haire of London, Samuel Haire of Middletown, Robert and John T. Haire of Newport, and one sister, Mrs. John Reynolds McKay of New York.

Funeral services were held at the first Presbyterian Church Friday morning and were attended by a large number of relatives and friends, including many of Newport's business men. There were many floral offerings. The services were of a very simple character, in accordance with the desire of the family. Rev. John R. McKay of New York, brother-in-law of the deceased, delivered the address, and Rev. Mr. Sproul offered prayer. The bearers were Hon. William P. Clarke, Dr. R. E. Darrah, Messrs. John Allen, John K. McLennan, Andrew S. Meikle and Joseph W. Sampson.

Yankee Dan Sullivan.

Daniel D. Sullivan, better known to Newporters and others as "Yankee Dan," a man who had served many years in State Prison for a murder which no one believes he had anything to do with and who was pardoned a few years ago after the other man held for the same crime had confessed that he had nothing to do with the murder, died at the Hillsgrove tuberculosis camp on July 4th, sixty years from the day he was born.

"Yankee Dan" was a well-known man in New York and Newport in his younger days. He was closely associated with Mr. James Gordon Bennett in the conducting of the first polo grounds in New York and Newport, and afterward became a dancing teacher and engaged in many sporting ventures. He was for a time engaged in the plumbing business with P. F. Conroy under the firm name of Conroy & Sullivan, and did a good business.

After a time Dan got mixed up with a hard crowd in Fall River, and when Anthony Haswell was murdered in Providence in 1892 the circumstantial evidence was sufficient to convict him of being an accessory. His innocence was afterward established and he was pardoned by Governor Utter. He came to Newport to live for a time but failing health compelled his removal to the Hillsgrove Institution, where he died. His body was taken in charge by a nephew who lives in Fall River.

Charles Fairchild.

Newport lost another well known summer resident on Thursday, when Mr. Charles Fairchild of Boston passed away at his residence on Washington street after a considerable illness. He had been in failing health for several years but insisted on coming to Newport as usual this summer having opened his residence here a few weeks ago. He was in his 73rd year.

Mr. Fairchild was a prominent banker of Boston and New York, and his opinion on financial matters was valued highly. He was a man of much culture and refinement and his company was much sought out in the highest social circles. He had been coming to Newport for the past 25 years. He is survived by a widow, four sons and two daughters, one of whom, Mr. Blair Fairchild, owns a place on Bellevue avenue which is rented for the season.

The interment will be in the Island cemetery in this city, the funeral being held on Saturday.

Mrs. Edward V. Gilman.

Mrs. Rebecca L. Gilman, widow of Edward V. Gilman, died at her residence on Bridge street on Wednesday after a long illness. She was in her 86th year, and death was due to the infirmities of old age. Although born in Boston she was a descendant of the Lawton and Gibbs families, who were among the early settlers of Newport. A large part of her early life was spent in New Bedford, but she had lived in Newport since 1871. She is survived by four children, Sarah A. Gavill and Mr. Arthur L. Gilman of this city, Mrs. Ella V. Bryant of Jamaica Plain, and Frank E. Gilman of New Bedford, besides a large family of grandchildren and great grandchildren.

MIDDLETOWN.

Funeral services for the late William H. Sherman were conducted last week at the Methodist Church by Rev. Clayton E. Delamater and were marked by the most extreme simplicity. Portions of the Scripture were read followed by prayer, and the committal service at the grave was used in conclusion. The body was laid in the Sherman lot. The bearers were the four sons, Harry Sherman of Portsmouth; Willett Ward Sherman of Westerly; Chester Arthur Sherman of Hope Valley, and Charles Augustus Sherman of Middletown. Among the floral offerings was a large wreath from the Citizens' Association of which body Mr. Sherman was a member.

Owing to bad weather which caused several postponements the meetings of the Oliphant Reading Club have been extended over a month beyond their usual time of closing for the summer. Last week an outing was taken to New Bedford, where by invitation of one of the club, Mrs. A. Howard Bailey, the regular meeting was held. Although having removed from Middletown in the spring, Mrs. Bailey desired to retain membership in her home organization. During the business session, an excellent report was presented of the annual meeting of the R. I. State Federation of Women's Clubs recently held in Providence. This was given by one of the delegates, Mrs. Edward Thurston. The afternoon's subject, "The Youth of some Celebrities," with quotations from Nixon Waterman, was conducted by the hostess. The closing club picnic will be held this week with Miss Etta M. Sherman near Mint-water Brook, East Main road.

The Berkeley Memorial Chapel was draped in mourning Sunday and at the morning service Rev. Latta Griswold preached a memorial sermon for the late Bishop McVicar. The offertory solo was sung by Mrs. Henry W. Newton of Buffalo. The Bishop's chair and chancel rail were draped in black. The afternoon services at 4 were resumed for the summer, Rev. James P. Conover of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., being the preacher last Sunday.

Mrs. Hattie Hughes of Scotland, Conn., spent the 4th with her father, Mr. Wm. M. Hughes.

Superior Court.

As Monday was a holiday, the July motion day of the Superior Court was held on Tuesday, Judge Tanner presiding. There was not a great deal of business and the session was comparatively short. The Batonyi matter came up on a motion to change the security from a private individual to a surety company, but there was some opposition to this and it was not pressed.

The matter of the Stafford Bryer property on Thames street was taken up, and the court ordered that the property be resold, and the proceeds be distributed afterward, in order that proper title may be secured. Max Levy was appointed master to take charge of the sale and M. A. Sullivan was appointed guardian ad litem for Harold B. Walcott, a minor who holds an interest in the property.

A number of cases were assigned for trial at subsequent sessions of the court.

"Castlewood," the residence of Mrs. Emile Bruguiere on Coddington's point, is open for the first time in several seasons, Mrs. Bruguiere and her son, Mr. Louis Bruguiere having arrived from abroad this week.

Newport is getting a large supply of Georgia peaches this season and the price is remarkably low for the time of year.

Virginia of the Air Lanes

A ROMANCE OF FLYING

...By...

Herbert Quick

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CHAPTER VI.

THE MYSTERY OF THE EMPORIUM.

YOUNG Mr. Carson, detained at the Slattery Institute to balance the books on account of the evanishment of Mr. Wylie, thought often of Shayne's charming niece, but, manlike, gave scarcely a thought of the situation on board the Roc as she bore northward in the night sky after dropping him as a hawk might let fall a too belligerent weasel.

The warfare and insurrection which he left behind would have interested him had he known. Mr. Silberberg, hurt in amour propre as well as proboscis, was deeply disturbed in his sultanic regard for Virginia. He was too angry to follow her to the deck as she swept out of the cabin to take leave of her bandit of the dunes. For some minutes the girl lay, half fainting, wholly terrified, by the rail, where she had fallen as Theodore dropped over the side into the cloud and the night.

"Where is Virginia?" queried Aunt Marie at last. "Has she eloped with that creature? Look for her! She's my niece, after all!"

Mr. Shayne called Mrs. Shayne's maid and gave orders that Virginia be sought on deck. The maid looked about hastily and, failing to observe the little heap in which Virginia sat huddled up by the rail, ran in agitatedly and said that Miss Suarez was not on deck "in the least."

"I told you!" gasped Mrs. Shayne. "She's thrown herself away!"

Silberberg walked glumly in from the cabin.

"This assassin," said he, "must be aft with the crew. There's only one place where Miss Suarez can be."

Shayne ran aft and astonished the crew by bursting into their midst and staring wildly about, as if demented.

"What is it, sir?" Willett asked calmly.

"Where is Miss Suarez?" panted Mr. Shayne.

"I don't know, sir."

"Where's that fellow we picked up?"

"I don't know," responded Willett.

"They're gone!" Shayne exclaimed, rushing into the cabin. "Max, they've gone over the side!"

"That parachute," said Max, "could not save two from death, even if they made a good drop. And in this darkness"—

Virginia, having recovered her self possession and the control of her knees, rose and, entering her cabin, threw herself on her bed. She felt a horror of Silberberg, a sense of disgust with the Shaynes. To think that they could so insult this young man who had saved her life and treated her so beautifully, no matter what he was—to offer him money, to send him aft like a servant! No wonder he had struck Silberberg's odious nose. Later she rose, preened like a bird before the mirror and sat down to think. The voices of her uncle and aunt and Mr. Silberberg came to her ears from the main salon. Opening her window for air, she noted that the roar of the wind from the earth had ceased and knew that they had reached the calm area, of which Willett had spoken, in the middle of the "low." They would probably have an easy landing in Chicago. And then?

One thing was certain—she would not live longer with the Shaynes. They were too sordid, too hard, too cruel. And she would—not—stay—with—them—any longer!

Oh, if she only had just one relative in the world save Aunt Marie!

Stay! The thought struck her of her mother's father's people, somewhere in the south. Her mother had been disowned by her family for a perversely contracted marriage, but they were southerners, and they would not see an orphan girl of their kin go homeless. She would leave Aunt Marie a note of thanks for all her many kindnesses, take her really, truly own belongings and fly south. So there!

So resolving, she became quite calm and walked into the main salon in a very matter of fact way. Aunt Marie gave a shrill scream and fainted. Silberberg said that he would be—tormented. Mr. Shayne stared blankly.

"Well," said Virginia, "do you think I am a ghost?"

"Oh, child," gasped Aunt Marie, "where have you been with him?"

Virginia stood still, her eyes ablaze, her cheeks burning. The Roc was coming into the Chicago garage on the roof of the Aerostatic Power building in a most beautiful landing, but none of the party knew it. Silberberg was gazing at the enraged Virginia in unbounded admiration. Her splendid anger had won him back. Shayne spoke in foolish agreement with his wife, half believing for the moment that there was something questionable in Virginia's absence.

"With a beggar!" said he.

"A bandit," said Aunt Marie, "an assassin!"

"A beggar!" repeated Virginia in lofty scorn. "Why, even if he were one, in rags and a hovel, he'd be worth a million like you! An assassin, a bandit! And, if he is, what are you? You rob by syndicate, assassinate by general managers and superintendents and make beggars by votes of shares! I loathe you, and I—I admire him as much as I loathe you. As between bandits like you and bandits like him give me the brave man rather than the coward!"

Willett interrupted the scene by announcing their successful landing. They passed constrainedly into the tower and went down to the street and to Shayne's Chicago hotel in a motorcar, all in silence.

In the morning a letter was taken to the Shayne apartments. It was a short, tear stained missive of gratitude, penitence and farewell from Virginia to her aunt. It ran:

You have been as kind to me as any woman can be to a person she cannot love. You have never loved me, Aunt Marie, and you will never see me again. I blush to be obliged by your unjust suspicions to say one thing more. I am not going to any one. You have misjudged me terribly. I don't even know where he is. I shall never know!

* * * * * * *

Craighead and Carson walked through a stately peristyle to a low building called the laboratory, but termed by the patients the "shot tower." Theodore was astonished at the throng assembled for the "shot" treatment, of which he had as yet no conception—men of all sorts anxiously watching the clock like schoolboys fearful of being tardy. They formed in two columns, resting on two aisles, across the farther ends of which stood two desks exactly alike. All slung their coats over their right arms, disclosing slits in their shirts at the left shoulder.

Craighead, with Carson following, sent back ripples of disorder along the line by offering bets as to whether Carson was himself or Wylie. Two young men easily classified as new hatched physicians stationed themselves like sentinels at the desks. The

"I ADMIRE HIM AS MUCH AS I LOATHE YOU."

clock struck. There was a jostling at the rear caused by late comers, at which the serious young doctors frowned fiercely. The lines moved forward, and the men as they passed the physicians seemed to undergo some sort of operation performed by means of glittering instruments, of which Theodore caught glimpses like lightning playing about those slitted shirt sleeves.

Theodore found himself in the human current and drifted with it. On closer view he saw that the doctors pricked the patients with little glittering weapons, but he reasoned that it could be nothing very severe.

Craighead passed on, and Carson took his place. The doctor looked searchingly in his face, seemed puzzled and reached to another region of the tray for a syringe.

"You should have rolled up your sleeve or cut it," said he sternly. "Roll it up."

Theodore rolled up his sleeve, whereupon with an expertness quite startling the man of medicine pinched up a bit of the brown flesh, shoved in the needle, pressed down the piston, and Theodore was "shot." With a stinging in his arm and wondering as to the why of it all, though he knew by this time that he had dropped out of the night sky into full membership in a drink cure establishment, he passed on.

Dr. Witherspoon met each patient with a standardized smile, clasped each hand with a grip of absolute uniformity and said, "Good morning, Mr. Bascom," or whatever the name might be. "And how is the appetite this morning? And the tongue, please. Pulse regular, I observe. Have you had your constitutional this morning? Improving nicely, Mr. Bascom. Good morning."

They returned to Theodore's room. Soon entered Mr. O'Grady, Mr. Evans and a slender person of about Carson's size, who at once began the coursing of imaginary game on the wall paper, slapping his thigh and laughing at every failure.

"This," said Mr. O'Grady, introducing the indoor huntsman, "is Mr. Wylie, Mr. Carson."

"My worst fears confirmed!" hissed Craighead. "The one man I ever loved turns out to be—oh, ye gods, both a teller of truth and a victim of regular habits! The last straw and no julep!"

Carson looked at Wylie, awaiting Mr. O'Grady's development of his case.

"We are, of cawse," said O'Grady, "sorry to have interfered with your plans, Mr. Carson, but"—

Mr. O'Grady's grave discourse, in which Carson could feel himself being placed irrevocably in the wrong, was interrupted by Mr. Wylie's making a swoop upon an imaginary animal on Mr. O'Grady's nose.

"I most caught him," he cried. "A bumblebee! A bumblebee! Sunday, gnats; mosquitoes, Monday; Tuesday, flies; bees, Wednesday; hornets yesterday and bumblebees today. Big game soon! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Whoop!"

"Long lost brother evidently," remarked Craighead. "I bear the Craighead strawberry mark. Well, when he gets to elephants I may claim relationship."

"Of cawse," went on Mr. O'Grady, paying no attention to the Wylie incident except to use and examine for blood stains a neatly folded handkerchief, "your being found in the greenhouse has been partially explained, sir, and we are not disposed to make you trouble. In fact, with our customary liberality we shall leave to you both that and your board and lodgings since you so strangely came into our—into our midst."

"Hear, hear!" ejaculated Craighead. "Hooroor for the emporium!"

"And if you will kindly sign these mutual receipts in full for all claims on both sides we will give Mr. Wylie his room, and—here's the pen, Mr. Carson, sir."

Theodore had already made the first stroke of the "T" when Craighead rushed upon him like a whirlwind, snatched the pen, hurled it into the door like a javelin, where it stood quivering, and interposed between Carson and O'Grady.

"Caitiff, avaunt!" he roared. "Wilt deprive the widows and orphans this youth may accumulate of their cause of action against this dope shotten emporium? Back, slave! You reach him only over my dead body! Receipts in full? Not on your life—to coin an expression. You have shot his patrician blood full of dishwater and bug juice. You have filled his innocent and unworldly stomach with dope. You have amputated his appetite for light wines and may as well pass him the darker drink first as last. He has suffered and must ever suffer inost excruciating pain and agony and both mental and physical anguish. He's a gone gosling! And I, the greatest personal injury specialist in the legal world, as his attorney demand ten—thousand—plunks as damages, failing the receipt of which, well and truly to be paid in lawful money of the realm, we'll take the emporium in execution and make Witherspoon a stable boy, with you as assistant swipe, both of you to sleep with Tige! We don't sign nothin', see?"

CHAPTER VII.

A TALK WITH MR. WADDY.

THEODORE resolved that he must lie to the shed in the gulf dunes, complete the flying machine and bring it to the notice of the world in spite of the enmity of Mr. Shayne, upon which he now confidently counted. He must—

"I know," broke in Mr. Craighead, gazing at the ceiling through wreaths of smoke, "the yearnings of your subtropical Alabamian system. But be practical. You come to this emporium, of which, alas, neither of us is fated to be an alumnus, and you find me in fine fettle save that I am unrelated to the world. I am an Antaeus, with no immediate prospects of getting my tootsies to mother earth; a storage battery as big as Pike's peak, but insulated from the mass of demagnetized humanity; a great force for a number of things, with no way of proving it. What do you do? You make a profession for me. I was naught, not to mention naughty. What am I now? A great personal injury lawyer, developing into a prosperous ambulance chaser. I was out of touch with the world of finance. I have now laid the foundation for the organization of the great Carson-Craighead Aeronef corporation!"

"What do you mean?" ejaculated Carson.

"What I say! What I say! Through a long, colonnaded, peristyled vista of marble and onyx I can see nailed to the back fence the hide of Mr. Finley Shayne."

"But I have no clothes," Carson urged.

"Clothes!" scornfully repeated Craighead. "What are they? Merely woven fabrics to fill bags to secure credit withal at hotels. And you need no credit, for this room is mine for the whole term of the treatments paid for by some one into whose company I dropped or rose during my last shore leave from the good ship Lithia, but by whom I have no idea. Clothes, indeed! Scat!"

"But it's cold here," persisted Carson, feeling helpless in the toils of this serpentine logic. "I'm not prepared for this climate."

"Look abroad!" commanded Craighead, with a gesture toward the window. "The sun beats down upon the last remnants of the snow, and the little brooks give the glad ha-ha to the river and send down the silky billet doux of the catkin to remind him that they've busted loose and are hurling themselves into his arms. Why, darn you, it's spring! And you can stay right here—steam heat, bath, hot and cold water, padded cell in connection—oh, fair youth, I love thee! Let me finish bunkoing Mr. O'Grady and start the Aeronef company. Don't be a clam!"

"You know how I feel about those damages, but if I could get the capital for the aeronef"—

"Why, you don't doubt my practical genius, do you," queried Craighead in astonishment—"in other people's affairs, I mean, of course? Why, sir, if in view of my failure with my own I can't handle other people's business then what becomes of my ability? I tell you, haughty southron, I'm good for something! I have found a billionaire, and you shall meet him."

All that day Carson watched Craighead. From a trunk covered with the labels of foreign travel Craighead took a sheet of cardboard and painted upon it an elaborate sign which bore the legend, "Craighead, Attorney and Counselor at Law." This he fastened outside the door, chuckling from time to time as the passersby paused as if to read it. After awhile he added to it, "Personal Injury Cases a Specialty."

Craighead went out late and brought back several legal looking books, which he ranged upon the dresser in dusty formidability—an old set of Illinois statutes and a tattered Broom's "Legal Maxims," from which he read unctuously such Latin aphorisms as "De minimis non curat lex," "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus," and the like and lectured upon them very informatively. The remainder of the library consisted of a ten years' file of Martindale's Legal Directory, containing nothing more authoritative than lists of the world's lawyers.

"Where did you get them?" asked Theodore.

"Secondhand man," replied Craighead, "on approval. We must keep up appearances even if we have to buy 'em."

They went out for a walk to give O'Grady a chance, as Craighead expressed it, to see what he was up against, a statement that mystified Theodore greatly.

On their return Mr. O'Grady seemed to have been wrought upon by what he was "up against," for he asked Mr. Craighead if he would be so good as to give him a few minutes. Mr. Craighead looked at his watch, pleaded lack of time and asked Theodore if their business could wait. When Carson admitted that it could O'Grady said "Thank you, sir," in the tone of a porter accepting a tip.

What under heaven had suddenly raised the expelled Craighead from his despised position in the institute to a thing to inspire terror and panic Theodore could not imagine nor guess the reason for Craighead's sardonic laughter as he sat in their room drawing indictments against O'Grady and Witherspoon. He saw, however, that these were awesome documents, which set forth in a large, round hand that these gentlemen had been guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses, false imprisonment, malicious assault and the like, all done "feloniously, of malice prepense and aforethought, not having the fear of God before their eyes, but instigated thereunto by the devil," and "against the peace and dignity of the state of Illinois and contrary to the statutes in such cases made and provided."

"Theodore, when we return," said Craighead, "this room will be full of corpses knocked stiff by these impeachments of O'Grady and Witherspoon. Take the spoor of the billionaire. Hike—oh, hike—with me!" They crossed a dim field, followed a farm road and came back into the village from the opposite side. Craighead hurried Carson to a broad porch under tall elms and maples knobby with swelling buds. He pushed a button, and they waited.

At slow steps in the hall Craighead squeezed Carson's arm spasmodically. The door opened, and a low figure stood before them in which Theodore noted something familiar, and a voice not altogether strange, he thought, invited them into the "other room."

"Mr. Carson," said Mr. Craighead, "does not recognize in our host the erstwhile guide of my wandering and wabbly feet. Mr. Carson, in your new and fully established capacity as a respectable citizen let me present you to Mr. Waddy, to whose counsel, precept and example while acting as my attendant I feel myself indebted for my complete restoration to Philistinehood. Mr. Carson, Mr. Waddy!"

Mr. Waddy, ignoring this reintroduction, led them silently down the hall, past a door, which gave forth scuffling sounds, female voices and the peeping of young chickens, and took them into a snug den, the shelves of which were covered with books—tall, imposing, learned looking tomes in time darkened bindings—where they sat down in leather covered chairs gray with dust.

"So you did reely drop into the garden?" their host finally asked.

"Yes," answered Carson. "I think it was foolish to take the risk, but I did."

"Why?" queried Waddy, and Carson explained.

"Boy foolishness," said Mr. Waddy; and silence fell again, broken at last by Theodore's inquiry as to whether Mr. Waddy was active in eight banks and if he did not find his duties irksome.

"No," replied Waddy. "The things growed up on me. I never wanted to be a banker, but my rents kep' loadin' me up with deposits, an' I sort of got one bank after another—darn it!—country banks—the boys run 'em. I came here to have a quiet time in my own way, an' see how I make out. They wanted me to put on style. They reckoned I was going to when I bought this place. I could slick up an' go to stockholders' meetin's, an' the boys never knowed. An' jest as I got things right Caroline's man dies, an' here she comes to 'take care' of me! I shan't be allowed to earn a cent by workin' for Witherspoon, an' it brought me into such society. Them jags is mighty nice fellers, some of 'em."

"I thank you," said Craighead, with an excess of manner. "And as for your being condemned by family pride to sterile uselessness, it is truly a shame. But is Caroline a relative?"

"Only daughter," answered Mr. Waddy. "Come to live with me. Settin' things to rights."

"Mr. Waddy," said Craighead, "bear up under this. It may be for the best. And let us take up Mr. Carson's great project for monopolizing aviation. I have long believed that some one would turn up with the machine to subordinate all others, but since the time of Santos-Dumont, Farman and the Wrights aerial navigation has made no real progress. Mr. Carson is the genius. We offer you the unique chance to be with us comaster of the world. Mr. Carson will be glad to explain his aeronef."

"I won't put a cent in it!" said Mr. Waddy.

Carson's heart sank.

"Certainly not," replied Craighead, as if Mr. Waddy's refusal were the most natural thing in the world, "until you have ciphered the thing down to brass nails. And then— But tell Mr. Waddy about it, Mr. Carson. You need not enter into the offers of millions we have had and spurned. Just describe the machine."

Carson switched on the lights, and they gathered about the table.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. WADDY INVESTS.

THE young man talked slowly. Once in awhile Mr. Waddy interjected a question which evinced intelligent comprehension of the heart of Carson's explanation. Carson explained that his aeronef differed from all others in having wings like a bird's, which did not flap, like those of the absurd orthopters and yet used half their surface in beating the air with a straight thrust like that of an oar in water.

"Don't yeh use screws?" asked Waddy.

"Not at all," answered Carson. "The screw can never be effective, because it strikes with a slant. It will do in water, but air requires a more effective thrust. When your propeller blade moves at a hundred miles an hour, say, you have a lift of thirty pounds to the square foot of surface with the direct stroke. But the surface of the screw"—

"Now, how d'ye figger that?"

Carson repeated laboriously.

"Why," said Carson, "I can lift weights that none of the other airships can stir and fly off like an eagle with a fish!"

The farmer-banker and the inventor were so absorbed that they scarcely noticed the entrance of a messenger from the institute with a message from Mr. O'Grady asking if Mr. Craighead would step outside for a moment nor Craighead's withdrawal and return.

"The direction of the blow of the propeller," said Carson, "is under perfect control. A bird's wing isn't. This is a better wing than an eagle's."

"Kin you raise right straight up," asked Waddy, "without running along like a buzzard?"

"I sure can," replied Carson, falling into dialect. "No bird can do that—no big bird. It's a better, stronger flier than any bird. The best any other machine can do is to support four pounds to the square foot of surface. With my new motors I can fly off with five times that, and I've got four times their bearing surface. I can carry mail and express at a profit or passengers that can afford it. I can hover over a ship with good heavy torpedoes and sink her and overtake any vessel that floats. I can"—

"What kind of motors you got?" interrupted Waddy.

Carson went into details. The old man looked through his eyebrows, whiskers and mustaches at Carson and the drawings.

"What if your engines stop," he asked, "when you're a mile high and over water mebbe?"

"I can soar," answered Carson. "I can make headway and gain height with no power if there's a wind, and I can stay up for hours with the propellers set for aeroplanes. But the best thing I haven't mentioned—the gyroscopic balancing device."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Waddy.

"Why, it's the successful application of the gyroscope to aviation."

"They used to talk about that," observed Mr. Waddy, "long ago—the Brennan single rail roads. I thought it turned out that the gyroscopes was too heavy f'r air work."

"They are too heavy," cried Theodore, "if you use them to do the balancing. That's sure. And so we have had to balance by feeling, just as we do a bicycle. Thought isn't quick enough, so you have to rely on feeling, as a bird does. But I use little gyroscopes not to control by their weight and stress, but to distribute power to the wings and rudders—positive, automatic distribution of power. Why, if the engineer of my machine should fall dead it would fly on just as he set it until the fuel was exhausted. It feels and thinks."

They did not notice the opening of the door nor see the woman who entered.

"Papa," she said.

Mr. Waddy rose hastily and faced her. She looked like Mr. Waddy, but was undeniably pretty. He was blocky and short; she, round and plump, with small hands and feet. The turned up pug nose of Mr. Waddy was modified to a delightful little retrousse effect in her.

"Papa," said she, "this is hardly a place in which to entertain these gentlemen. We have cleared out the east parlor."

"Oh, yes!" assented Mr. Waddy, with feverish haste. "To be sure, Caroline! Take 'em in, won't you? I've got to see the hired man. My daughter, Mrs. Graybill, Mr. Craighead; Caroline, a—a friend of mine, Mr. Carson of Alabama. Excuse me for a minute, gentlemen."

"Supper," said she, smiling, "will be served very soon."

The long dining room was gloomy with decayed gentility—black beams, dark wainscoting and a broad plate rail bearing wrenches, clevises, oil cans and baskets of eggs labeled as to breeds and dates. During the meal Craighead came out amazingly in his encounters with Mrs. Graybill, to whom, as it seemed to Theodore, he was making violent love. Mr. Waddy sat buried in thought, save when he questioned Carson concerning the aeronef.

"There's no cinch in it," said Mr. Waddy, "no monopoly, an' as soon as it's public everybody'll build 'em. I do business on cinches."

"Oh, but the patents, Mr. Waddy!" cried Craighead. "You forget the patents."

"They expire in a few years," said Mr. Waddy, "an' then where are yeh? Land, now—that I made my money in—land's an eternal cinch."

"Mr. Waddy," said Craighead, "this matter of securing exclusive control of the air is a part of our plans. It is one of my specialties."

Carson was amazed. Mr. Waddy grunted as if lightly impressed, as no doubt he was.

"How long will it take you," said he, "to kind of draw out your plan for clinchin' the control of the air legally?"

"Oh, a very brief time," said Craighead. "I have installed a fine law library in my apartments so the consultation of authorities will be easy, but"—

"Well," interrupted Mr. Waddy, "if you can have that done by the time Mr. Carson can go where his machine is, put it in shape an' fly back it'll do. When he lights in the front yard an' you bring me a good law proof monopoly I'll go in with you, but he's got to fetch a letter from Mobile within twenty-four hours o' the time it's stamped there. I'm from Missouri! What say?"

"Done!" cried Craighead.

Theodore was trembling.

"Before we call it a bargain," said Theodore, "I should like a word with Mr. Craighead if you will excuse me."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Graybill.

Craighead faced Carson inquiringly as they found themselves alone in the hall.

"I wish to explain," said Theodore.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.10 p. m. then 11.15 p. m.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 6.20 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 11.20 p. m.

Sundays 8.50 a. m., the same as week days.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

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Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00, 6.15, 6.30 a. m. and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 8.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park, for Mile Corner 6.22 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for the Beach 6.30 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 6.45 a. m., then every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6.30, 6.45 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m., and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.15 a. m., and every 15 minutes to and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 6.45 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin Street 6.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.52 a. m. and then same as week days.

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Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02, 9.13 p. m.

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VIRGINIA OF THE AIR LANES

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

"that I—I can't pay the charges on the

"I'VE SETTLED THE CASE OF CARSON VERSUS THE SLATTERY INSTITUTE."

motors; I can't get them down to the bench. So how can we accept Mr. Waddy's offer?"

"Gad, colonel," exclaimed Craighead, "I'm glad you told me in private instead of disclosing our impecuniousness to his Waddiness. But have no fear. You carry Caesar and his fortunes. I have the fund for the motors."

Craighead drew from his pocket a roll of bills, the outer one of rather startling magnitude.

"Fees," said Craighead—"damages, actual and exemplary. I've settled the case of Carson versus the Slattery Institute. Fair sir, we have a swollen fortune."

"What do you mean?" asked Carson.

"I mean," said Craighead, "that this roll of tainted money is our loot of the emporium. Wit well that I soaked 'em plenty."

"But I can't allow this!" cried Theodore.

"It's already allowed," answered Craighead, with an air of perfect innocence. "Come, callow sir, we can't begin now the ruinous policy of scrutinizing the sources of our supplies. We can endow a college later, and that—What you doing?"

Carson was cramming the bills into his pocket.

"Going back to Mr. Waddy," said he. "Come on."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Craighead, his hand to his forelock. "But I warns you, cripling, that there's breakers dead ahead and on both bows and that Craighead's the only pilot as knows these waters. But here's with you, if it's to Davy Jones!"

"Mr. Waddy," said Theodore, walking up to him and looking him in the face, "before accepting your offer I must make sure that I can fulfill my part of it. I must install the motors in the aeronef. There are some financial arrangements to be made. It may be some weeks"—

"I'll let you have what money you need," said Mr. Waddy. "I know how it gen'ly is with these here geniuses."

Theodore grasped the old man's hands, his face flushed with joy.

"I accept your advances with pleasure," said he, "and within sixty days I shall be here with the aeronef."

"As certain," said Craighead, "as the world turns over sixty times on its shafting. Got your order, Mr. Waddy!"

They took their departure.

After retiring they lay awake, exchanging remarks and suggestions across the dark room.

"Oh, about that money!" said Carson. "I must return it to Dr. Witherspoon, Craighead. You won't misunderstand me, will you?"

"Not in the least," replied Craighead sleepily. "Ingrowing conscience and all that rot. Get over it as you get richer, you know. I would fain dream of Caroline."

CHAPTER IX.

THE INCEPTION OF "UNCLE THEODORE."

THEODORE'S mind, habituated to the airy ease of an unuttered faith in his mastership of the air, felt the galling of reality as he walked westward from the station toward dilapidated Carson's Landing.

Seated on a stump, he sought mental adjustment before entering his house.

He had had his chance with Shayne, "the prince of the powers of the air," and had thrown it away in hot words to Shayne, in a blow to Silberberg and by leaping from the Roc into the unknown abyss of night. These were actualities. The broken deflector of the parachute he carried proved that, as did the memory of his foolishness over Shayne's niece, now happily forever past.

Mr. Waddy's money and Mr. Craighead's telegrams saved the day.

The first three yellow dispatches had come in one delivery at Nashville, addressed to "Theodore Carson, the Illustrious Inventor and Thaumaturge, Care Conductor, Train 75." Theodore, the illustrious, could not accumulate the courage to ask for them, but the wise conductor had pounced suddenly upon him and said, "I reckon you're Mr. Carson."

"Yield not to temptation, fear or cold feet," the first read. "Your Uncle Fuller is at the helm." This was signed "The Great Uncalled," with the first two words run together as "Thegreat" in a telegraph operator's effort to reduce to the semblance of a name Mr. Craighead's nom de guerre. The second ran: "Have no fear. Monopoly is as clear in the air as on the land. Apologies to Sir Humphrey Gilbert. None to any one else by a dern sight. Conspuez Shayne." This was signed "Craighead, the Legal Bloodhound."

"An old Broom," ran the more mysterious next, "albeit minus one cover, and dog's eared, nevertheless sweeps clean. He yokes the whirligig to our car and sweeps the howling skies!" (Signed) "Dandy Jim of Caroline Graybill." The fourth, delivered at Birmingham, was addressed to General Theodore Carson, M. A. ("Monopolist of the Air"), and consisted of ten repetitions of "Eureka," signed "D. J., of C."

The last came at Bay Minette and was too astonishing to be explained on any theory consistent with Craighead's sobriety and sanity. "Caroline's dad," it read, "falls dead at unveiling of Broom idea. Sees absolute cluch and rises to it as per lifelong custom. Formed today Universal Nitrates and Air Products company. Laws of West Virginia. You come in for 25 per cent. Caroline impressed. Either universal genius or rodents in campanile. Greatly encouraged, not to say illivated. Almost converted to belief in my own schemes and self, but am cautiously suspending judgment. Will have Chicago surrounded by time you return. Go east to Wheeling (or is Charleston capital?) tonight and will incidentally run up and construct first line of circumvallation (see cyclopedia) about Greater New York. Monopoly end of deal absolutely nailed down; brass nails, with Waddy doubloons coming copious. Up to you to produce flier. Getting wabbly in head. Losing faith in you as concrete entity. Have you any aeronef? Answer 'Yes' or 'No' at once." This also was signed "D. J. of Caroline."

What could he mean by an "an old Broom?" The old copy of Broom's Legal Maxims in Craighead's "library" was indeed minus a cover and dog's eared, but how this "Broom" could, even in metaphor, yoke the whirligig to any car and sweep the howling skies Carson could not guess. Mr. Waddy's demand for aeronautical monopoly was being complied with, to Mr. Craighead's mind, and the last telegram seemed to imply that the bucolic financier had been convinced. His "falling dead" might mean much or little, but his "doubloons coming copious" was eloquent of faith. And what in the name of all the gods at once could a "Universal Nitrates and Air Products company" mean in an aerial navigation deal or those mysterious expressions about "surrounding" Chicago and Greater New York?

Well, Aunt Chloe was in there, shuffling about, wondering where he might be, and here he was, looking on spectrally and unsuspected. With the common human impulse to secret approach, Theodore walked on, concealed between the Spanish bayonets and a somber line of red cedars, climbed the end of the veranda, scuttled into the broad hall and up to his room, into which he stepped quickly, breathing a little harder. He opened the closet for a change of clothes and started back in wonderment quite as paralyzing as horror, for his clothes were gone. Instead there sat a huge trunk with its lid back, its open tray full of silken hosiery, corsets, laces, gloves, handkerchiefs and openwork things of mystery and terror. On the hooks were many, many others quite as awful, frilled and tucked and ruffled and plaited garments, silks, dimities, cashmeres, linens, cottons and soft light woolens, filling his closet and spread against the wall for occult reasons connected with keeping them in shape, and protruding from the trunk were more clothes, while in corners of the bedroom were more trunks.

A light step sounded, and he froze to a statue of panic and trance and paralysis. Some one entered. His heart bounded and then stood still, for it was Psyche of the dunes, Shayne's niece, Virginia, entering jauntily, maddeningly, like a real woman taking possession of his bedroom as her own! She had a little subjectively derived smile on her lips, held in her hands a spray of huckleberry blooms, which she put to her nostrils and then stuck in a vase by the old mirror.

"Psyche!" he stammered.

With a little scream she darted toward the door, recognized him as he emerged from the closet, noted his paleness, turned back, her hand on her breast and a quick palpitation in the "V" of her gown, like the heart of a snared robin. Yet she was the least excited of the twain. Her alarm ceased with her recognition of him.

"My robber," said she in a half whisper. "Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Psyche," said he, "when you say you are glad"—

"Oh, I'm so glad you aren't dashed to pieces!" she cried. "I've seen you falling, falling, falling, in my dreams and never alighting! But evidently you did!"

"Yes," said he, "quite safe. But how came you here?"

"Oh, I live here," said she. "But how did you know? Or did you just happen? Shall I hide you? I'll never betray you, never, no matter what they say you've done!"

"You—belong—here?" repeated Theodore wonderingly. "Here? You—you live here?"

"Yes," said she hurriedly—"with my uncle. I couldn't endure the Shaynes and Silberbergs any longer. Why, the way they did just drives people to crime! And if you did anything it was in open war with the officers and not by stealth as the Shaynes and Silberbergs do. I told them so to their teeth—only you ought to reform and all that, you know. And I couldn't bear Aunt Marie any more," here the voice trembled, "though everybody will say I'm ungrateful and all that. And General Carson's family are all my relatives in the world, except the Shaynes. And this is their plantation—my uncle that I never saw lives here—and I came to him. I hope he won't hate me. I'd rather not have to ask him to shelter a robber the very first thing, and so I hope you aren't pursued. But if you are I'll hide you before I'll see you caught. There!"

Mr. Carson reeled back against the wall, drew his hands across his eyes and looked again. She seemed to be there still, rather nearer than before, hands clasped in adorable anxiety, divinest pity in her eyes.

"Of course it's a shock," said Miss Suarez "to find you"—

"I am sorry," said Theodore, "to have shocked you by being visible, I"—

"Oh, now," said Miss Suarez. "Try to supply ellipses—and—and those things. I meant to find you so"—

"So incapable of—so lacking in the qualities of—of—of"—

"You're gradually getting closer to it," cominented Virginia. "Our danger, where there is nobody hanging about to sort of mitigate—no, not that—to—to"—

"To absorb and diffuse the 'shock,'" suggested the engineer.

"The very word," said she. "Why, uncle, you're clever—once in awhile"—

"Thank you, Miss Virginia. I"—

"Don't interrupt, please. Our danger here in the wilderness is that of not catching the shades of expression. The nuances one has to have ground into one's system with regard to one's friends—if nuances can be ground into anything—and that we'll misunderstand and fight and pull hair needlessly—doesn't that cover the case?"

"I don't think it does quite. But you were saying I lack some quality. Please go on."

"The quality of uncleship," said she. "You don't create the role. I suppose my image of a charming young robber, for you're not bad looking, uncle, you know."

Theodore blushed.

"Piracy and yeggism and, these things are so incompatible with one's only surviving live-live-with-able uncle," said Virginia.

"In 'The Babes in the Wood,'" said Theodore, "the uncle was quite that sort."

"The odd thing with us—I like living with you immensely—is that you seem

"MY ROBBER," SAID SHE IN A HALF WHISPER.

a babe in the woods more than an uncle, and I the other."

"What I wish you to understand is how honored I am to be your guardian, even though I don't deserve it."

"Oh, but you do!" said she. "And there's the Carson blood, isn't there?"

"There's the Carson blood," assented Theodore uneasily, "and the trust that blood alone couldn't confer."

"And the relationship must stand in the place of years," said Virginia, "for I can't go back to the Shaynes. I'm afraid they'll find me and make me"—

"You shall not go back!" said Theodore. "Never!"

"My, my!" said Virginia. "How fierce, uncle! And now let's go fishing."

Yes, Theodore had fallen. Fleeing the best bedroom, in which Aunt Chloe had established Miss Suarez, he had unmoored his launch for flight, but, reconsidering, had demanded of Chloe an explanation of the incomprehensible mystery of the presence, under a statement that she lived there, of Shayne's niece.

"She's come to live with we all," said Aunt Chloe. "She's kin o' ou'n."

Theodore gasped.

"There must be some mistake," said he. "How can she be related to me, Chloe?"

"W'y, yo' some kine o' uncle to huh," replied Chloe. "Huh mothah was a daughtah to ole Gin'rel Cahson. She married Lee Suarez and died. Miss Ginnie knowed about us, an' when huh aunt throwed huh off'n the plahship foh stan'nin' up foh you she come hyah, ez she had a right to, suh."

"But she didn't know I was here?" Theodore suggested.

"Oh, law, no," replied Aunt Chloe. "She don't know yo' Mistah Carson yit onless yo' tole huh."

"But, Aunt Chloe, we aren't any kin to old General Carson, are we? And I'm no uncle to this young lady, am I?"

Aunt Chloe was indignant.

"Hev Ah been wuckin' foh po' whites all these yeahs?" said she. "Yo' sho as clus as uncle. Yo' paw knowed he was a Cahson."

"What have you told her about this relationship?" said Theodore.

"She knowed all erbout it."

"Did she know how father—how nobody thinks we are any kin to the general and"—

"Who you mean by nobody?" queried Chloe. "Ah reckon we some kin o' ou' name wouldn't be Cahson, would it? Ah tuk huh in as a Cahson. If you tuk huh in yo' ahms an' squenched huh teahs I reckon you wouldn't be bringin' up these heavy arguments."

Uncle Theodore was stately, ceremonious and, with due allowance for sundry blushes when Miss Virginia emitted a little giggle, promptly smothered in her napkin, quite grand in his demeanor at luncheon. He formally kissed Virginia's hand, and when she told of her need, of her reliance on the Carson fidelity, he yielded to the temptation without a moment's hesitation. He became her uncle, entered calmly upon the deception, oblivious of the vast consequences involved.

"I have the honah," said he, "to drink your health—the health of the jewel and the hope of the Carson family."

She rose as if at a formal signal for withdrawal, took both his hands and kissed him on the forehead. There were tears in her eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ARAB MANNERS.

Life in the Tents of the Roving and Eloquent Bedouins.

"By living with the Arabs, doing as they did and moving with them in their migrations," writes Douglas Carruthers in the Geographical Journal, "I obtained an insight into their mode of life and customs. Things move slowly in the east, and I spent fourteen days in buying three camels. But the time was not wasted. I studied Arab manners, learned more or less how to eat with my hands, how to wear the Arab costume with some comfort, how to drink coffee a la Arab, and, most difficult of all, how to sit still all day long doing nothing. I found this last most trying, more especially because it was cold. A Bedouin tent is a drafty place at the best, but in midwinter it is almost unbearable. On two occasions there was snow on the desert.

"We used to feed out of a huge round dish, ten of us at a time. The fare was camels' milk and bread in the morning, and in the evening we generally had meat and rice cooked with an enormous amount of fat. During the day we appeased our hunger by sipping strong black coffee. At night there was always a large group of men in the tent of the sheik, and the talk was carried on far into the night.

"Eloquence is a highly prized talent among the Bedouins, and not only would they recount their stories in the most beautiful manner, but on occasion, to the tune of a single stringed violin, they would sing extempore songs for hours on end."

KEEPING HIS RECORDS.

Unusual Business Methods of a Merchant in Western Canada.

In the Bookkeeper is recorded a case which clearly comes under the head of "unusual business methods." In a thickly settled prairie district in western Canada, not far from Moose Jaw, a few Canadians had opened up a coal mine, the product of which they sold to the surrounding farmers. Settlers would come in wagons and sleighs and load their own winter's fuel, which cost them from $1 to $2 a ton, according to the run. It was early winter when I first made the acquaintance of this mine and its remarkable "superintendent," and my first reception from this individual was a fierce yell on his part, with the frantic brandishing of a long stick and the words: "What the devil are you doing? Can't you see? Are you stone blind?"

I was literally walking through his books! Since morning—and this was at 3 o'clock in the afternoon—he had been keeping a record of outgoing sleighs and wagons of coal in the snow. About twenty farmers were drawing that day. With his stick he had written the initials of each in a clean spot in the snow and with that same stick had registered the number of tons they had taken away. I had spoiled one-half of his "books," and it was an hour before he became at all affable. I was still more astonished when I entered the "superintendent's" little board office. The walls were black with pencil marks, figures and names. A fire would have burned down his "book" of two years past.

Where Microbes Thrive.

The alimentary canal is the most perfect culture tube known to bacteriological science. No part of the body is so densely populated with micro-organisms. It is estimated that in the alimentary canal of the average adult about 126,000,000,000 microbes come into existence every day. They crowd this region so densely that scientists originally believed that they were indispensible to human life. According to a writer in McClure's, Pasteur, who first discovered them, maintained this view, but recent investigations have rather disproved it. There are many animals that exist in perfect health without any intestinal bacteria at all. Polar bears, seals, penguins, eider ducks, arctic reindeer—these and other creatures in the arctic zone have few traces of these organisms.

Not to Be Fooled.

A certain magazine once took to advertising by means of personal letters. A critic got this letter:

Dear Brown—Have you seen article in this month's Trash Magazine? Heavens, can it be true? X.

But the critic, not to be fooled, sent to the editor of the Trash—in an unstamped envelope, so that double postage would be charged—this answer:

Dear X.—I have seen one previous number of the Trash Magazine, and with heart and soul I hope never to see another. This is quite true. BROWN.

Progress.

"How is your boy getting on at school?"

"First rate," answered Farmer Corntossel. "He's goin' to be a great help on the farm. He knows the botanical names for cabbage an' beans already, an' all he has to do now is to learn to raise 'em."—Washington Star.

Too Much of a Target.

Brown—How did you feel, Jones, when the burglar had you covered with his revolver—pretty small, eh? Jones—Small! Great Scott, no! I felt as big as the side of a house.—Boston Transcript.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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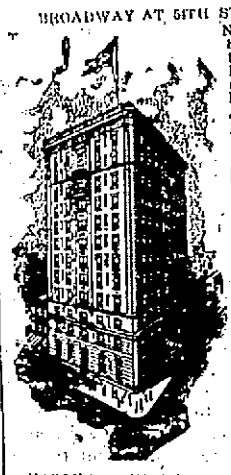

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Only New York Hotel window-screened throughout.

5-22—tf

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

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Diastasic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion Anæmia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by D. W. SHEEHAN,
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Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels,	$4.50
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36 bushels,	$3.50
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Price at works,

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Orders left at the Gas Office, 181 Thames street, or at Gas Works, will be filled promptly.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 199

Saturday, July 9, 1910.

The weather for the past few days has been simply perfect. We can stand a good deal more of the same kind.

The ex-President seems to be sort of a cyclone center just at present around which the insurgents hover like moths around a candle.

It was a great Fourth of July. The weather was ideal and the celebration worthy of the occasion. It was a day of universal pleasure to Newport.

Civil war pensioners are passing at the rate of $2,000 a year. The country has the high satisfaction of knowing that it has appreciated their services.

"On the road to Oyster Bay" has poetical possibilities of the very highest order. Mr. Kipling had no such wealth of material to draw upon in the construction of his Mandalay rhymes, says an Exchange.

The committee on districting the State has nearly completed its labors. On Thursday next they will hear representatives of the various political parties in reference to the change of the election laws made necessary by the change to the district system.

Deliver me from my friends, ought to be the cry of the ex-President. The friendship of the insurgent crowd, that is now looking to him as its Moses, would crush any man except our doughty ex-President, and if it keeps up it will make a large sized dent in his fair name.

Times change and we change with them. A woman, Mrs. Young, superintendent of schools of Chicago, has been elected President of the National Education Association, the largest organization of teachers and educators in the world.

By the death of Chief Justice Fuller, and the resignation of Justice Moody when it comes, President Taft thus early in his service will be called upon to appoint four judges to the U. S. Supreme Court, more than any former President has appointed in many years. The newly appointed Governor Hughes of New York will probably be the Chief Justice.

It is now said that Roosevelt will speak in Indiana for Senator Beveridge and against the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. Rumor also says he is to speak in Massachusetts for Gov. Draper and Senator Lodge. If he does he will have to speak for the Payne-Aldrich bill, for both Lodge and Draper are strong exponents of the measure. You can hear anything about the ex-President these days, most of which is not correct.

Don't write letters to Theodore Roosevelt, says an Exchange—not this summer, anyhow. A merciful American should be merciful to his ex-President. Moreover, the chances are that he wouldn't read your letter if you wrote it. He says that if he undertook to read all the letters which are pouring in on him he'd be kept busy at that one job from morning till night six days in the week, and would "be hard pressed" to save his Sunday.

They tell us that the tariff was revised upward and yet during the time the new law has been in force we have imported from Germany goods to the amount of twenty-eight millions and sent to Germany exports amounting to only fourteen millions. With so big a balance against us the tariff reformers ought to be happy. Perhaps they would like to have the tariff reduced enough so that we could buy all our goods abroad, instead of making them at home. What does the laboring man say to that kind of tariff reduction? The so-called Trusts have thrived in free-trade England for many years, and yet the tariff busters in this country tell us that the tariff is responsible for the birth of trusts.

The Grand Trunk Controversy

The newspapers in this section of New England are rapidly coming to the position that the MERCURY has maintained from the start, viz: that the Grand Trunk has never intended to come into Rhode Island; that all the fuss it and its friends in this State are making is simply sparring to get better terms from the New Haven road over its Boston connections. Even the Boston Transcript, which in everything pertaining to Rhode Island is merely an echo to the Providence Journal is compelled to say:

Many observers believe the railroads are at best merely sparring for position, and that if the Grand Trunk gets the certificate it will have an additional card in its hand with which to play for the traffic arrangements that it desires in this territory. According to this view, the traffic is likely to move over the existing lines into New England territory in any event, but the amount of it which will be routed to the Grand Trunk, by comparison with its old rival, the Canadian Pacific, which is an ally of the New Haven, will depend much on the strategic position in which the Grand Trunk emerges from the present controversy.

Growth of Ocean Steamers.

The dimensions of the one time world famous Great Eastern were as follows: Length, 692 feet; width, 83 feet; depth, 60 feet; tonnage, 24,000 tons; draft when unloaded, 20 feet; when loaded 30 feet. She had paddle wheels fifty-six feet in diameter and was also provided with a four bladed screw propeller of twenty-four feet diameter. She had accommodations for 800 first class, 2,000 second class and 1,200 third class passengers, 4,000 in all. Her speed was about eighteen miles an hour. The Great Eastern was finally broken up for old iron in the year 1889 after a checkered career of some thirty-one years.

Within the last few years the famous Great Eastern has been many times eclipsed as witness the length of many steamers now in commission: Lusania, 622 feet and 12,500 tons; Deutschland, 684 feet and 16,502 tons; Kaiser Wilhelm II., 706 feet and 20,000 tons; Mauretania, 790 feet and 32,500 tons; Lusitania, 790 feet and 32,500 tons; Titanic, 800 feet and 45,000 tons; Olympic, 860 feet and 45,000 tons; proposed Hamburg American liner, 875 feet and 45,000 tons.

The Cunard line now proposes to outdo all the rest, and build two steamers which shall be about one thousand feet in length and be of 60,000 tons burden. When these leviathans of the deep are afloat the Great Eastern would look like an ordinary mud scow along side of them.

A Bridge Controversy.

There is a lively fight on in Providence over the closing of the draws in the several bridges that cross the Seekonk River. The hearing took place on Wednesday before U. S. Engineers Colonels Sanford of this city, Abbott of Boston and Taylor of New London. The request was made by the New Haven Company and the many people that travel across these bridges that the draws be kept closed from 6 to 9.30 a. m., 11:30 a. m. to 1.30 p. m. and from 5.30 to 6.30 p. m. This was favored by the people of Providence and East Providence and opposed by the people of Pawtucket who objected to being "bottled up." Superintendent Droege stated that in six days towards the last of May, the New Haven road handled 37,482 passengers through the tunnel and across the tunnel bridge alone, and that in a year they carried across the bridge 2,500,000 people. The average daily number of trains was 124, with 7,500 passengers but that they had carried 25,338 people. This shows a large passenger business and proves that the tunnel must be a paying investment to the New Haven people. Theodore Francis Greene represented the people of Pawtucket who are interested in the water way. He claimed that the water transportation was of immense value to that city and should not be impeded by any close time arrangements.

The gathering at the residence of Colonel Samuel P. Colt in Bristol on July 4th brought together prominent men and women from all parts of the State. There were in the neighborhood of one thousand people present. Among the number were Governor and Mrs. Pothier, the Governor's Staff, members of the General Assembly, State officers, officers and men connected with the many banks in the State, that Colonel Colt is associated with. The centennial of Linden Place, the elegant home of Colonel Colt, was very pleasingly and pleasantly celebrated. The spacious lawn in the rear of the mansion was the scene of festivities for some hours, the genial host making every one feel at home.

Patrick H. Horgan has purchased the interests in the Perry House property and the Opera House property held by Charles M. Bull and Mrs. Harriet Smythe of Philadelphia, giving him possession of all the interests except those held by Mrs. William T. Bull and her son, which is more than one half. It is generally understood that in negotiating the purchase, Mr. Horgan was acting for some other party.

In order that the members of the General Assembly may have an opportunity of seeing at first hand the kind of work which is being done at the Wickford lobster hatchery, the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries have invited all the Senators and Representatives, as well as other officials and prominent citizens of the State, to visit the hatchery next Wednesday between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m.

At the regular monthly meeting of the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening routine business was transacted, bills being approved and ordered paid. Complaint was received of damages alleged to have been done by the fireworks at Easton's Beach on the Fourth.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Edith Parker Deacon, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Parker Deacon, to Mr. George Peabody of Boston. Miss Deacon is a grand-daughter of Mrs. Charles H. Baldwin and is one of the favorites in Newport society.

Congressman Adin B. Capron, who has been ill for many months, has so far recovered as to be able to make visits to his friends and relatives in towns and cities near his home.

A fire at Narragansett Pier Thursday burned a hole through the roof of the Massasoit House. No serious damage was done.

Inheritance Tax.

The attempt has been made many times by the General Assembly to fasten an inheritance tax on the people of Rhode Island. It is fortunate, however, that all such attempts have thus far failed. The arguments advanced are that most of the States have such a tax and that it is an easy tax to collect, both of which arguments are very specious but they do not have the ment of justice attached to them. Here is what the New York Times has to say about the amended law in that State:

The new inheritance tax amends details, but leaves unaltered the objections to such a tax in principle. In order to reach the rich as a class it is enacted that the State shall take from widows and orphans and remote relatives at the time of their affliction. Contiguous States may each levy an inheritance tax upon the same estate, and successive taxes through successive deaths also may diminish an estate oppressively. When this is done in the case of an estate it demonstrates an objection which is operative even when not remarked, namely, that this tax is not a deduction from profits, or income, but from capital, and a reduction of capital is a serious matter to those who earn wages through the investment of capital in industry. The very exceptions in favor of the smaller beneficiaries of the deceased, by which the tax is made less burdensome to those less able to lose the money the State takes, are objectionable in principle. It is a species of bribe to the majority of taxpayers to induce them to approve a tax upon the minority, because they will not pay it themselves. Class taxation and class legislation are real and not lessening evils.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

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Washington, D. C., July 7.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of weather disturbance to cross continent July 11 to 15, warm wave 10 to 14; cool wave 12 to 17. This will be one of the most extensive of the July disturbances and blustery weather—gales with but little rain—may be expected.

Temperatures of the week of which July 13 will be central day will average cooler than the month in great central valleys and that average will be a day or two earlier further west and a day or two later east of Meridian 90.

Very dry weather will prevail in great central valleys from about July 9 to 17, with not much probability of rain before July 23. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about July 15, cross Pacific slope by close of 16, great central valleys 17 to 19, eastern sections 20. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about July 15, great central valleys 17, eastern sections 19. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about July 18, great central valleys 20, eastern sections 22.

This disturbance will be at its greatest in and west of the Rockies about July 16 or 16 and at the same time the preceding disturbance will be at its greatest in eastern sections.

As this disturbance progresses across the continent it will cause showers in scattered localities promising to the eye but disappointing the hope for much needed rain.

Not much hope for rains for next 20 days west of the eastern mountain range and while drouth will not be universal in great central valleys it will be serious in many places.

A rather strange feature is promised in Atlantic sections. On middle Atlantic coast, particularly in vicinity of Washington, excessive rains are promised. Also in North Carolina, in Cuba and Mexico. Some of the plains states will get heavy rains and local spots in eastern New York and Pennsylvania. But a very large part of the continent will suffer from drouth and therefore large crops of corn may not be expected.

Farmers are not selling and should not sell their grain. They will get better prices by waiting. They are fortunate in that they are not compelled to sell.

Those who are interested in railroad stock speculation manipulate grain prices. When they can make it appear that big crops will be produced that means increased freight and a rise in stocks for railroads. They are bears on grain and bulls on railroad stocks. The bears on railroad stocks try to make believe that crops are bad.

The Thrifty Commuter.

[Hartford Courant.]

The unfortunate and persecuted commuter turns up again. We have already had him whining because his one-quarter-of-other-folks' rate has been somewhat increased. Now he appears in a rather different light, and yet one which he will not be happy in either. It seems that the commuters along the Hudson River road have been renting out their commutation tickets to transient travelers at rates that cut the regular charge, and thus have been reducing their own expenses even lower than the company had put them. Certain inconvenient and meddlesome detectives of the road have been hiring such tickets and riding on them. It looks like a cinch, as they say in the vernacular. In some instances these commutation tickets were bought speculatively; that is the buyer got them at the big reduction and then rented them out at so much below straight rates but above commutation rates and pocketed the difference, so that he got as his own perquisite what ordinarily the company would have secured.

MIDDLETOWN.

Superintendent of Schools, Mrs. Edith Norman Hunter, accompanied by Mrs. E. A. Peckham also of the School Board, attended, for two days, the weekly session of the forty-eighth annual convention of the National Education Association in Boston this week.

Several floral offerings were laid upon the grave of the late Admiral Thomas on Sunday at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel in memory of the first anniversary of his death.

No public demonstration of the observance of the Fourth was observed in Middletown other than a display of American flags. The day passed in unusual quietness.

Rev. and Mrs. Clayton E. Delamater are visiting among Mrs. Delamater's people in West Bridgewater, Mass.

The Boston Herald, one of the oldest and leading papers in that city, has gone into the hands of receivers.

Practical Education Required.

In 1851 took place in the city of London the great exhibition, where, in the Crystal Palace 100,000 persons were assembled to witness the competitive industries of the civilized world; then and there it was demonstrated to that immense throng that England in the profusion of the raw material, in the native genius of her artisans, and in the mechanical power which she exhibited, possessed a superiority which made competition with her, at that exhibition, by the other powers of Europe, hopeless.

"But it taught another lesson: that what was wanting by others either in the raw material or in the bone and muscle might be more than supplied by educated skill, and that technical education, if inaugurated for these industries upon a liberal plan, and steadily pursued, would give to France, Germany and Switzerland a power which would more than compensate for natural disadvantages. These countries were not slow in establishing such schools, reaching from technical training for lads and apprentices, in the various branches of industry, by a well-graded system, up to a polytechnic university; and no expense was spared to give to these institutions all the appliances which could provide educated skill to labor and industry.

"The next exhibition was held in Paris in 1855. A marked change was already observable in the competitive industries of Germany and France, as compared with England. The result of this exhibition increased the zeal for technical education in those countries. They were assured by these early results that they were, indeed, upon the right track; for the successful examples in machinery and iron manufacture in which England had hitherto possessed an hereditary pre-eminence demonstrated that educated skill might successfully compete with genius and other natural advantages.

"When the next exhibition was held in London in 1862, England was left far in the rear by the skilled labor of the Continent; and mortification to the national pride was felt throughout the realm. Germany, France and Switzerland bore away the palms in those departments of mechanical skill in which hitherto England had been without a peer. This mortification was further intensified at the last exhibition in 1867; and English artisans and English manufacturers demanded an enquiry into the causes which led to this great discomfiture, and into the ways and means of rectifying it.

"It was found that in every metropolis, large town, or centre of industry in France, Germany, or Switzerland, schools for educating professional men and masters, for training foremen and skilled workmen, and for teaching apprentices, had been established, and that these technical schools had caused the rapid supremacy of continental over British industry. The testimony of such scientific gentlemen as Professors Tyndall and Frankland was that what England needed was a better provision for industrial education; a higher scientific education for those likely to be master-manufacturers, so that when discoveries are made they may be rendered available by the skilled intelligence of those who command capital, and can at the same time appreciate the merits of such discoveries."

An English chair-maker, who went to the last Paris exhibition as one of a committee of eighty-six representative skilled English workmen, to look into the teaching of this great exhibition, thus expresses his opinion: "Seeing some lads at work with the men in a carvers' shop, I went to the bench of one about fourteen. He was carving a chair-back of a mediæval form from a working drawing. I expressed my surprise that one so young should have been found capable of carving so well, and was informed that boys at school are specially prepared for the trades they fancy, so that a boy about to be apprenticed to learn carving, is instructed in ornamental drawing, modelling and designing." He adds, as the result of his observation, that the "mere mechanical workman stands not the slightest chance with the workman of cultivated taste." Like opinions were expressed by each of the eighty-six committee-men representing the intelligent but self-educated workmen of England, in each department of industry; and they were all profoundly impressed with the conviction that the English nation was in great peril in regard to manufacturing preeminence.

The enlightened views which, in Europe, recognized the necessity of technical education, soon made their way to this country, and found expression in the Act of Congress of July 2, 1862, commonly known as the agricultural-college bill. By the provisions of this act a munificent grant of public lands was authorized for the "endowment, support and maintenance of at least one college in each state claiming the benefit of the act, where the leading object shall be, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, . . . without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life."

This act has given a impulse to technical education in this country which had already been productive of much good. Following it up we find that last year the commonwealth of Massachusetts passed an act to authorize its cities and towns to establish industrial schools, the language of the act being, "The city council of any city may establish and maintain one or more industrial schools, . . . and the school-board shall employ teachers, prescribe the arts, trades and occupations to be taught in such schools," etc. Thus we see two important acts making ample provision for technical education.

The Society of the Colonial Wars of this State held a meeting at the Pombam Club on Thursday and listened to an address from Prof. Munro, on the life of the Indian Pombam, after whom the club was named.

The first Boston excursion of the season came in on Wednesday, bringing 225 passengers. Whether or not there will be regular excursions during the season remains to be seen, the one on Wednesday having been a special on account of a convention in Boston.

The lawn fete at Oakland Farm last Wednesday afternoon attracted a large number of people, many extra cars being run out from Newport over the Fall River road during the day. A large sum was netted for the benefit of St. Mary's Church of Portsmouth.

Uncanny Signs.

The air is filled with portents dire
That make men quiver and turn pale—
The sky alight with bannered fire!
The peach crop certain not to fail!
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Variety.

New Maid—Please, mum, there's a man at the door come to collect on something yez bought on the installment plan.

Mistress—Ask him whether it's the encyclopedia, the phonograph, the brass bed, the piano or the sewing machine.—Harper's Bazar.

Bent and Broke.

Most people start on pleasure bent—
Alas, it is no joke!—
And when they've spent the last red cent
They come home pleasure broke.
—Chicago News.

Once Was Enough.

Uncle Hiram (at the theater)—Well, Mirandy, I guess we'll be goin' now.

Mirandy—But there's another act.

Uncle Hiram—I know there be. But it says on the program act 4 same as act 2, and I vum I don't keer to see it twice over.—Boston Transcript.

Is This Hot Enough?

The sun is overhead and hot—
It makes the fielders totter—
But, oh, the ball the pitcher shot
Is more direct and hotter!
—Buffalo Express.

Between Issues.

"I fear the hero of the magazine serial will be bankrupt next month."

"Why so?"

"He leaves a taxicab waiting in the last chapter."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Trying Climate.

Water freezes every night of the year at Alto Crucero, in Bolivia, while at noonday the sun is hot enough to blister the flesh.

Comets.

Peoples in all times have been afraid of comets, and the dread of their approach has driven strong men to death. Hannibal and Mithridates committed suicide, and King Louis, the debonair, of France and Louise, mother of Francis I., died in sheer terror of the flaming portent. The great Charles V. became a monk because of one.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

JULY 1910 STANDARD TIME

		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve
9	Sat	4 37	7 36	10 0	8 37	8 58
10	Sun	4 37	7 35	10 27	9 26	9 50
11	Mon	4 38	7 34	10 52	10 16	10 39
12	Tues	4 38	7 33	11 14	10 10	11 24
13	Wed	4 38	7 33	11 35		12 08
14	Thurs	4 39	7 31	11 56	12 16	12 55
15	Fri	4 40	7 30	mo'n	1 09	1 47

New Moon, 6th day, 4h. 20m., evening
First Quarter 14th day, 3h. 24m morning
Full Moon 22d day, 8h. 37m., m. morning
Last Quarter, 29th day, 4h. 37m., morning.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses—furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1887.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown for Summer Villas and Country places.

Births.

In Providence, 4th inst., a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Howard, and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Sanborn of this city.

Marriages.

June 29, by Rev. Geo. W. Quick, Blanche S. Babcock to Henry E. Hallberg of Brant Rock, formerly of this city.

Deaths.

In this city, 5th inst., Joseph Haire, aged 53 years.

In this city, 6th inst., Rebecca L., widow of Edward Y. Gilman, in the 88th year of her age.

In Newport, R. I., at his residence, 91 Washington street, 7th inst., Charles Fairchild, aged 72 years.

In Hillsgrove Hospital, 4th inst., Daniel D. Sullivan.

At Washington, D. C., 6th inst., Catherine Irene, wife of Joseph F. Emmons, and daughter of Hugh and Alice Ebbitt of this city, aged 25 years.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

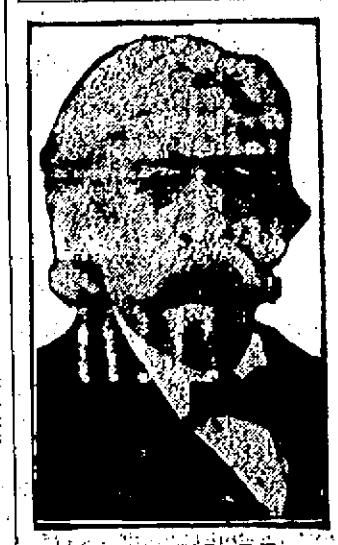
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. Once or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MELVILLE W. FULLER

Eminent Jurist Was of Old New England Stock



HUGHES TO BE CHIEF JUSTICE

Death of Melville Fuller Has Great Political Significance

WAS A LIFE-LONG DEMOCRAT

Head of United States Supreme Court Will Be Republican For First Time In Twenty-Three Years—Career of Noted Jurist Who Unexpectedly Passes Away at His Summer Home in Sorrento, Maine

Bar Harbor, Me., July 8.—Melville Weston Fuller, chief justice of the United States supreme court, died at his summer home at Sorrento. His death was sudden, coming as a direct result of heart failure. In the last few days he had apparently been in the best of health.

The chief justice expired in the arms of his daughter, Mrs. Nathaniel Francis of Washington. His granddaughter, Miss Aubrey Francis, also was at the cottage.

Melville W. Fuller was born at Augusta, Me., Feb. 11, 1833. He was graduated from Bowdoin college, taking the degree of M. A. in 1853, after which he attended a course of law lectures at Harvard. He was given the degree of LL. D. by Northwestern and Bowdoin in 1888, Harvard in 1890 and Yale and Dartmouth in 1901.

Mr. Fuller's first wife was Calista O. Reynolds, whom he wed in 1858. In 1866 he married Mary E. Coolbaugh. Admitted to the bar in 1855 he formed a law partnership at Augusta and dabbled in journalism, becoming associate editor of The Age, a Democratic paper published in Augusta.

Turning to politics he became president of the common council and city solicitor. In 1856, however, he moved to Chicago, where he practiced law till 1888. On April 30 of that year he was appointed chief justice of the United States by President Cleveland. The appointment was confirmed on July 20, and he took office on Oct. 8, 1888. He was a life-long Democrat.

The chief justice's second wife died a year ago at her summer home in Sorrento. Seven daughters and a son survive her.

After this event it was reported that Fuller was about to retire, taking the pension of $10,500, to which he was entitled. President Taft was declared to have been picked as his successor. Fuller, however, declared at last that he would not break the tradition that no chief justice ever resigned.

As chief justice, Fuller administered the oath of office to six presidents—Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley (twice), Roosevelt and Taft.

Before the court adjourned Chief Justice Fuller assigned the calendar for the coming fall session of the court, when the Standard Oil and tobacco trust cases are to be finally threshed out.

For the first time in twenty-three years there will be a Republican chief justice of the supreme court of the United States. The death of Chief Justice Fuller opens the way for the appointment of Governor Hughes of New York to that important position. At the time of his appointment as associate justice it was strongly intimated by President Taft that should there be a vacancy Hughes would be offered the office.

The death of the chief justice makes two vacancies which the president will fill when congress meets in December. He is now looking for a successor to Justice Moody, who will shortly retire, congress having passed special legislation for his retirement with pay.

TWO WOMEN SHOT DOWN

Rejected Suitor Who Attempts Double Murder Is Arrested

New Bedford, Mass., July 8.—Angered because Mrs. Arsena Lopes would not consent to his marrying her daughter Matilda, Manuel Monteiro shot and mortally wounded Mrs. Lopes and sent a bullet through the head of his sweetheart, while they were on their way to work.

Monteiro made good his escape directly after the shooting, but was captured later in Taunton.

It is thought that Mrs. Lopes will die, and her daughter is in a serious condition.

JOHNSON IS JEFFRIES' MASTER

Outclasses White Man Throughout

A FIFTEEN-ROUND MILL

Jeff Loses Only Chance to Land Dusky Opponent

WHOLE ENCOUNTER ONE-SIDED

What Victor and Vanquished Say of the Battle

BY JOHN A. JOHNSON.

I am happy and sad. Happy that I won today's battle; sorry that I had to knock out such a famous fighter as Jim Jeffries.

I never was in doubt of victory and it came out just as I had planned. I fought my own fight, a waiting battle, and have demonstrated I knew my own way the best.

I guess I have forever set at rest all talk about "yellow streaks." My victory is not to be regarded as a victory of color; color was not involved today. It was just plain boxing science, stamina and punch. I had all three.

BY JAMES J. JEFFRIES

I lost fairly and squarely, and there is nothing more to say. I did not underestimate Johnson's ability. It was my own ability to come back that I was mistaken in. I have no excuses to offer for defeat. I believed I was in perfect condition, but it is sure that I wasn't the fighter I used to be. I thought I could come back and I failed. I am very sorry to have lost, and sorrier still to have disappointed the good friends who rallied upon me and backed me to win. I did the best I could, but my best was not good enough.

I congratulate Champion Johnson upon winning in a fair, square battle. His victory was honestly earned.

STORY OF THE BATTLE

Reno, Nev., July 5.—John A. Johnson proved himself James J. Jeffries' master at every stage of the battle for the heavyweight championship of the world. Even the great test of strength that was looked for seemed to be in Johnson's favor. In the early rounds, with the pressure of his right glove he twisted Jeff's arm almost into the hammerlock position to prevent the big fellow using it while breaking.

While the rounds went on and Johnson's confidence came to him he took all kinds of liberties with Jeff. As a rule Johnson whips his men with his right hand. He used this a few times yesterday, but it was left hooks and left uppercuts while clinching that brought Jeff to terms.

In this kind of fighting Jeff was powerless after a few rounds had passed. He could not devise a way to escape punishment while they were feinting and swinging at close quarters. It seemed the easiest thing in the world for Johnson to free his left arm and tilt the big fellow's head.

An awed hush fell over the assemblage when it saw Jeffries going to his inevitable finish, and it was not broken when the referee laid his hand on the black man's shoulder and proclaimed him the champion of the world. Later, when the champion's head appeared above the throng that surged about him in his corner, he was given the reward of fair play and the recognition of merit in the form of a lusty cheer, in which all who were not dazed by the overwhelming defeat of their pride joined heartily.

As a contest the only thing that saved this one from being farcial was the thought which most of the spectators clung to desparately, that out boxed and out generalled as Jeffries was, he still concealed that fatal punch that put away Corbett and Fitzsimmons after they had pummelled him at will. Barring the possibility of the arrival of this punch, there was not a point in the fifteen-round journey that did not mark him as outclassed.

Johnson displayed none of the weaknesses with which he had been invested by the supporters of Jeffries, who interpreted any serious thought of Johnson as heretical and treasonable.

Jack Cheers For Jim

He did not look for a hole in the fence when he saw Jeffries enter the ring surrounded by his distinguished retinue, but arose in his corner and cheered with the rest of the crowd when Jeffries climbed through the ropes.

He showed none of that yellow streak which it was taken for granted he possessed. Jim Corbett, who was lanked much on his persiflage and searing fire of unexpurgated comment, taunted him unmercifully, but he gave back as good as was sent, and even better without taking his mind off the job in front of him.

The weak kidneys that were ascribed to the black man proved another figment of the surcharged imagination and the suspicion that he would be content to "lay down" at a critical moment and be content to take the short end of its disappeared from the unprejudiced minds of innocent persons who had fallen for it before the one-sided encounter was an hour old.

The Smile That Won't Come Off

Photo by American Press Association

In fact, all the barriers, real and fancied, erected between Johnson and championship, crumbled piece by piece as the bewildered crush of Jeffries' worshippers looked on, and left not a shred of argument against the now prevailing notion that Johnson was Jeff's master from the beginning, and the big, happy-go-lucky, surrounded by his opera-bouffe court, knew it all the time.

A One-Sided Battle

The match proved more ill-assorted than the one between Corbett and Sullivan, which told the same tale. Corbett had a wholesome dread of Sullivan's wallop, but Johnson flouted the best that Jeff was supposed to have up his sleeve.

Johnson did not pay a particle of respect to anything that Jeff might have or might do, but played with him like a cat with a ball. One could see the heart leaving Jeffries round by round, the transition to the towering confidence which had been fed to him for the last six months of the life of this match was gradual but quick.

At only one spot in the road to defeat did Jeff give promise of turning the tide; that was near the end of the eleventh round when he landed one of his short right arm jabs to the solar plexus. It hurt and Johnson wabbled perceptibly, but before the white man could follow up his advantage the gong rang and Johnson looked over his opponent's shoulder and grinned and joked at Corbett while Jeffries was drilling at his stomach in clinches.

Much praise is given Tex Rickard, who pulled off the fight after countless difficulties, and who, cool, calm and quick, with nervous alliveness, handled the vast crowd splendidly at his arena and wound up by refereeing the fight.

Merely to enumerate the celebrities at the ringside would be to write a sporting directory of America—at least of the four hundred of sportdom, and of the many more hundreds of near-four hundreds.

JEFFRIES' ADMISSION

Says He Never Could Have Whipped the Black Champion

San Francisco, July 8.—"I never could have whipped Jack Johnson at my best. I could not have reached him in a thousand years."

This from James J. Jeffries answers the question that has been raised since the former undefeated champion was toppled over by Johnson at Reno.

James J. Corbett, who was with Jeff, declared Johnson would remain champion for many years, because there is no white man who will tackle him until he has become too old to put up much of a fight.

Captors of Thieves Rewarded

Boston, July 8.—For bravery and efficiency, Officer Johnsions of the Brookline police department and Officer Cosgrove of the Boston police were rewarded by the federal government for their sensational capture of the burglars who looted a sub-postal station in Brighton. Each officer received $50.

Maine Monument in New York

New York, July 8.—The Maine monument, a memorial to those who perished in the United States battleship Maine in Havana harbor, and the sailors who died in the Spanish-American war was approved by the municipal art commission. It will be erected at the entrance to Central park.

Woman Heads Educators

Boston, July 8.—Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of the Chicago public schools, was elected president of the National Educational association amid scenes of disorder and excitement. The New Old South church was packed and the heat was stifling.

Snuffboxes at $20,000 Each

London, July 8.—In the sale of the collection of art objects belonging to the late Baron Schroder, five snuffboxes, all superb examples of eighteenth century work, brought over $70,000. Two others brought $20,000 each.

BLEACHED FLOUR VERDICT

It Is Against Millers, Who Will Be Heavy Financial Losers

Kansas City, July 7.—The federal jury, in whose hands the bleached flour case has been since Tuesday, reached a verdict yesterday afternoon against the millers.

The decision will mean financial losses running into millions of dollars for the grain dealers, millers and farmers of the southwest, principally in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Oklahoma.

Kermit Fails to Land Honors

Genesee, N. Y., July 6.—Kermit Roosevelt came here from Oyster Bay to take part in the equestrian sports of the Genesee Valley Hunt club. He failed to win any honors in competition.

WILL RESORT TO THE COURTS

Test to Be Made of Right to Prohibit Pictures of Fight

SYNDICATE SPENT LARGE SUM

Campaign Against Exhibitions of Reno Contest Is Progressing—Governors of Four States In Sympathy With Efforts of Christian Endeavor—London Newspapers Think Johnson's Victory Has Made Race Problem Much Harder

Boston, July 8.—The aftermath of the holiday fight at Reno threatens to reach serious proportions. The plan to exhibit moving pictures of the match has aroused a drastic opposition and all sorts and all sizes of cities are expressing their views of the situation. The number of places to prohibit the films will undoubtedly be much larger than the number to allow them.

But the picture syndicate says it will have something to say before the matter rests and declares that it will resort to the courts of the several states to determine their rights to exhibit the pictures. One member of the syndicate says that too much money has been invested to stand by and see the fight pictures prohibited without making a contest to determine the right of city authorities to stop the display.

The pictures, it is further announced, will be placed on public view in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and several other cities on July 18.

William Shaw, secretary of the Christian Endeavor society, who on Tuesday sent a telegram to the governor of every state and territory of the United States, asking that moving pictures of the fight be prohibited, received eight answers by telegraph, four of them promising to do what can be done to prevent the exhibition of the pictures. The four favorable replies came from the executive offices of South Carolina, Illinois, Arkansas and Virginia.

The other replies were either noncommittal or conveyed the intelligence that the governor was not at present at the seat of state government and that a definite reply might be expected later.

Mayors of a number of prominent cities throughout the country have issued notices prohibiting the display of fight pictures. In California it is believed that almost all the cities will prohibit the pictures, since the actual fight was barred from that state. Los Angeles and San Francisco have gone on record as being opposed to the pictures on the moving picture screen.

Word comes from Connecticut that there is no law specifically prohibiting the showing of the prize fight pictures, and if the ban is put on at all it will be by municipal authorities acting under local ordinances.

Mayor Clayton of St. Joseph, Mo., stated that he would not interfere with the fight pictures. "I want to see them," he said, and I want my boys to see them."

England Asked to Act

London, July 8.—Sir Howell Davies has given notice of his intention to ask the home secretary in the house of commons, "in the interest of public decency," to prohibit the exhibition of biograph pictures of the Jeffries-Johnson fight.

The racial conflicts, following the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno, is the theme of general discussion in the British press. Varying opinions are expressed, but the universal admission is that Johnson's victory has made the race problem for the United States much harder than before.

TO WED SUGAR MAGNATE

Reported Engagement of Helen K. K. Gould and Ralph Thomas

New York, July 8.—It is reported that Mrs. Helen Kelly Gould, who divorced Frank J. Gould in May of last year, will be married shortly to Ralph H. Thomas, assistant treasurer of the American Sugar Refining company.

Neither Mrs. Gould nor Thomas will affirm or deny the report, but the engagement of passage on a steamship for Europe by Thomas has led friends of the two to accept the announcement at its par value.

The day of the wedding has not been made public, but it is said that the ceremony will be performed within the next week or ten days. The honeymoon will be spent in Europe.

GOING ADOARD KINGDOM

Large Number of Holy Ghosters Are Leaving Shiloh Behind

Freeport, Me., July 8.—A large exodus of the Holy Ghost and Us colony at Shiloh, Me., to the Holy Land, is believed to have begun when four wagons, filled with men, women and children, and luggage, passed through here.

It is thought they were on their way to board the barkentine Kingdom, which has been sailing back and forth outside the three-mile limit off Casco bay. The party will probably be put aboard the Kingdom by launch.

Rev. Frank W. Sandford, leader of the Shiloh colony, for whom the sheriff of Cumberland county has a writ in a $100,000 damage suit, is believed to be aboard the Kingdom and to avoid the sheriff has not allowed the barkentine to come inside. The suit was brought by Mrs. Florence Whittier of Boston, who alleges that she was detained against her will at the Shiloh colony and abused by Sandford.

OLD NEWSPAPER IN RECEIVERS' HANDS

Boston Herald Finds Itself In Financial Difficulties

Boston, July 8.—The Boston Herald has gone into the hands of receivers, after a business career of more than sixty years. On petition of the International Paper company of New York, Judge Colt of the United States circuit court appointed John Norris of New York and C. F. Weed of Boston receivers under bonds of $100,000 each, with authority to carry on the business.

They have already petitioned the court for authority to issue $50,000 worth of certificates of indebtedness for the purpose of carrying on the business.

According to the petition, the liabilities exceed $2,000,000, which is exceeded by the assets at the valuation given by the corporation.

BALLINGER WON'T RESIGN

Says He Will Be Found at Desk In Washington Next Year

Boston, July 6.—"I shall be back in Washington next year, and at my desk as usual at the head of the interior department when my detractors shall have been forgotten," was the reply Secretary of the Interior Ballinger made last night to the rumors of his intended resignation.

Secretary Ballinger had returned from Beverly, where he had spent the day with President Taft in going over matters connected with the administration of the interior department. He left for Washington last night.

BECKERT SHOT TO DEATH

German Diplomat Pays Penalty For Robbery, Murder and Arson

Santiago, Chile, July 6.—Wilhelm Beckert was executed here for the murder of a Chilian messenger. Beckert, who was formerly chancellor of the German legation, was shot.

After embezzling legation funds, Beckert burned down the legation, attempting to create the belief that he had been burned to death.

The body found in the ruins was identified as that of the native employe. Beckert was caught while fleeing a week after the murder.

Curtiss Flies Over Water

Atlantic City, N. J., July 7.—Glenn H. Curtiss last evening made another flight over the ocean, spending twelve minutes in the air. Curtis says that he is entirely satisfied that flying over the sea is more certain than flights over land because of fewer sudden changes in air currents.

Germans Protest at Brutality

Berlin, July 8.—Brutal treatment of Germans crossing the Russian frontier by Cossacks led to a protest to the Russian government from Germany. There have been many instances recently of Germans being frightfully maltreated by Russia's wild frontier patrols.

Building For Bill Nye Memorial

Salisbury, N. C., July 8.—The Bill Nye Memorial committee appointed to formulate plans for a state memorial to the humorist, has decided that the proposed memorial shall take the form of a building at the Stonewall Jackson training school at Concord, N. C.

CHILD'S DREADFUL SKIN TROUBLES

Had Sixty Boils when but Six Months Old—Was Annually Attacked by a Humor—It Looked Red Like a Scald and Spread Over Half Her Head—Both Troubles are Cured.

NO PRAISE TOO HIGH FOR THE CUTICURA REMEDIES

"When my little Vivian was about six months old, her papa had a boil on his forehead. At that time the child was covered with prickly heat and I suppose in scratching it, her own head became infected for it broke out in boils, one after another. She had about sixty in all and I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment which cured her of them entirely. Then, sometime later, her little foot got sore between the toes. Being afraid it was salt rheum, I spoke to our doctor. He gave me a powder which dried it up, but soon after it broke out behind her ears. They cracked half way around and the humor spread up on to her head until, on several occasions, it was nearly half covered. The humor looked like a scald, very red with a sticky, clear fluid coming from it. This occurred every year. I think it was toward the spring. I always bathed it with warm water and Cuticura Soap and applied Cuticura Ointment which never failed to heal it up. The last time it broke out was when she was six years old. It became so bad that I was discouraged. Then I procured a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent which soon cleared it out of her blood. I continued the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment with the Resolvent until she was perfectly well. She is now about eight years old and has never been troubled in the last two years. We also find Cuticura Resolvent a good spring medicine and we are just giving the children Cuticura Resolvent Pills as a tonic. We do not think any one can praise Cuticura Remedies too highly. Mrs. M. A. Schwerin, 674 Spring Wells Ave., Detroit, Mich., Feb. 27, 1903."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), or in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of (60) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

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A WOMAN'S LOGIC.

It Helped Her Out When the Customs Officials Bothered Her.

On one of the recently arriving transatlantic steamers was a young woman whose extreme economy had not permitted any lavish expenditure abroad. But she had repeatedly referred with commendable pride to the material for two silk dresses she had purchased at a bargain which she was bringing home for her mother and sister. Even the suggestion of one sympathetic listener that she would have to pay duty produced merely a temporary restraint.

Finally when the liner approached New York and the custom house officer received the somewhat plain woman at the cabin table her fellow passengers were curious. Being asked the usual questions about dutiable property, she replied stoutly and defiantly that she had the material for two silk dresses.

"Are they for yourself?" the inspector wanted to know.

"No, they are not," she declared. "I am bringing them home for presents."

"Then since they are not for your own use I shall be compelled to charge you duty," and he figured out for her the required amount.

Taking the pencil from his hand, she figured for a moment and then said: "Well, I declare! That has made those dresses cost me so much that I simply can't afford to give them away now. I'm just going to keep them for myself; that's what I'll do!"—New York Tribune.

LET THE YAWN COME.

A Good One Is a Splendid Thing For the Whole Body.

A good, wide, open mouthed yawn is a splendid thing for the whole body. A yawn is nature's demand for rest. Some people think they only yawn because they are sleepy, but this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy also, but that is not the real cause of your yawning. You are sleepy because you are tired, and you yawn because you are tired.

Whenever you feel like yawning just yawn. Don't try to suppress it because you think it is impolite to yawn. Put your hand over your mouth if you want to, but let the yawn come. And if you are where you can stretch at the same time that you yawn just stretch and yawn. This is nature's way of stretching and relaxing the muscles.

Don't be afraid to open your mouth wide and yawn and stretch whenever you feel like it. Indeed, if you are very tired, but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight back chair and, lifting your feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretch the arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide and make yourself yawn.

Those tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch and the whole body will be rested. Do this two or three times when you are tired and see what it will do for you.

First English Horse Races.

Chester possesses plausible claims to be the birthplace of the British turf. It was one William Lester, who about 1609, "being mayor of Chester, did cause three silver bells to be made of good value to be run for upon the Roode Dee." This seems the earliest definite establishment of a horse race. From the nature of the prize was derived the proverb "To bear the bell," though the bells in this case existed long before the "ring." Our ancestors being more easily satisfied in the matter of amusement than their degenerate descendants, there was apparently only one contest. The "Chester cup," which has been substituted for the "best bell," is now worth £2,500, to say nothing of Cheshire cheeses for the three placed horses.—Westminster Gazette.

Had a Mere Trifle.

A doctor calling on a patient who had been very ill, but was now convalescent, said to the latter's wife:

"You must be careful in regard to his diet for a few days."

"Yes, I know that," was the reply. "He has just had his dinner, and I didn't give him anything but a cup of coffee and two or three warm biscuits and a piece of pie and a couple of doughnuts and one slice of bread with gooseberry preserves on it. I have just been telling him he couldn't have anything very substantial right away until his stummick was stiddier."—New York Tribune.

Pretty Much Alone.

In a rather rabid discussion in parliament a member of doubtful ability and power twitted Disraeli for having deserted his camp.

"I did not know that the honorable gentleman had a camp," Disraeli replied in a tone of mock surprise. "I have always looked upon him as the solitary sentinel of a deserted fortress."

No Chance For Leniency.

"Can't you be merciful and love me a little?" he pleaded as they sat in their steamer chairs.

"I can't show you any mercy at all," she whispered. "This isn't the quarter-deck."—St. Louis Star.

The Skeptic.

"Pa, what does 'skeptical' mean?"

"Well—er—did you ever see a man taking in the washing for fear of rain in spite of the weather prediction 'fair?'"—Buffalo Express.

Elephants in Liberia.

The virgin forests of Liberia contain thousands of elephants.

To Get Rid of Rats.

After all other remedies fail there still remains a way of getting rid of rats, and that is by depriving them of water. They can live for a very long time without food and when hard pressed will not hesitate to eat each other, but no rat can go twenty-four hours without drink. Therefore if every possible means of obtaining water is taken from the rats they will desert the vicinity.

EASY TO FLOAT.

Simple Rules That Will Aid Those Who Want to Learn.

"It is inexcusable for cramps to cause the death of a good swimmer," remarked an old and enthusiastic swimmer.

"Any normal person can float in the water," he said. "A good swimmer can learn more easily than others, and he should learn it. There may be human bodies that will be entirely submerged if unsupported, but I doubt it, and I know that such bodies are rare.

"Probably the bodies of drowned people sink because they have taken in large quantities of water. Whether this is or is not the explanation is not important.

"With the air expelled as much as possible by ordinary breathing and with no swimming movement some part of the head will remain above the water. If the experiment is to be prolonged it is more agreeable to throw the head back and have the nose above the water, but that is a detail.

"When you are in the water you should practice floating. It is easier to float in deep than in shallow water, but until you have learned to swim prudence demands that you remain where you can stand with your head above water. Walk out until the surface is near your shoulders. You can float in a less depth, but it is more difficult. Allow yourself to fall backward. Make no effort to prevent sinking. Let your nose point to the zenith. Your head may go under water, but it will rise again. You can take my word for it, knowing that if you fall you can stand on your feet.

"If you have followed instructions you should float the first time. The important thing to remember first, last and all the time is: Hold your breath all the time unless you know you will take in air and not water.

"You who have not learned to float may be thrown into the water. You may have a few hours or a few seconds of warning. Use those few or many seconds to get control of yourself, and there are two things you should bring to the front in your thoughts. Refrain from breathing except when you know you will take in air and not water, and if a swimmer attempts to rescue you make no effort to grasp him except when and as he requests.

"If he is a wise and a good swimmer he will not allow you to do this, as an effort to grasp him will add to his labors, and he will need all his strength."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ashes From the Old Hearth.

A quaint Swedish legend concerning a cure for homesickness appears in Selma Lagerlof's book "The Girl From the Marsh Croft," translated by Velma Swanston Howard. The tradition is to the effect that if a person suffering from nostalgia took some ashes from the hearth in his or her old home and strewed them on the fire in the strange place he or she would be rid of the homesickness—an easy remedy apparently, but it had two serious drawbacks. The first was that after using the remedy in the new home one would never be content in any other place. If one were to move from the homestead to which one had borne the ashes one would always long to get back there again just as much as one had longed to get away from there. And the second drawback was that one couldn't carry ashes along every time one moved to a new place, because the remedy could be used once only. After that it lost its charm and had no effect. So that, taken all in all, it was a rather dangerous experiment to make.

Winter Home of Deer.

The winter home of the American red deer is very interesting. When the snow begins to fly the leader of the herd guides them to some sheltered spot where provender is plentiful. Here as the snow falls they pack it down, tramping out a considerable space, while about them the snow mounts higher and higher until they cannot get out if they would. From the main opening or "yard," as it is called, tramped out paths lead to the nearby trees and shrubbery which supply them with food. In this way they manage to pass the winter in comparative peace and safety.—St. Nicholas.

Family Relations.

"Who is that man you were just talking with?"

"That's my brother-in-law."

"He looks enough like you to be your own brother."

"He is my own brother. We are twins."

"Twins? Then why did you say he was your brother-in-law?"

"Because he is. I have three brothers—one in law, one in medicine and one in the army."

He Explained It.

"See here, young man," said the stern parent, "why is it that you are always behind in your studies?"

"Because," explained the youngster, "if I wasn't behind I could not pursue them."—Chicago News.

Gloomy and Peculiar.

"What is the baby crying for, my child?"

"I dunno; 'e's alw'ys crying. I never came across any one wot looks upon the dark side of things as 'e does."—London Punch.

Still a Baby.

"The last time I saw him was thirty years ago, when he was a baby."

"Well, I saw him yesterday, and he hasn't changed a bit."—St. Louis Star.

The covetous man loses what he does not get.—Seneca.

The Gourmet.

If life were all a shortcake,
It jaws could never tire,
If keen delight braced appetite,
What more could man desire?
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Liked His Father.

"Don't you know that little boys who swear don't go to heaven?"

"That's all right, mister. I'd rather be with pa anyhow."—Pittsburg Press.

A FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP.

Threading a Needle While Riding at Full Gallop.

Some amazing feats of horsemanship have been performed by cowboys and Indians, not to speak of those astonishingly expert Cossacks, but it is doubtful if these have ever exceeded the feat of a Rif irregular cavalryman.

Cossacks have been seen to snatch a baby from its mother's arms at full gallop, toss it into the air, catch it and repeat the performance. Indian riders in the far west have sprung from their horses' backs while the animals were moving at full gallop, picked up arrows and remounted instantly in a standing posture. But who ever heard of a Cossack, an Indian or a cowboy threading a needle while at full gallop?

The horsemen of the Rif coast use small mounts, slight, but quick and wiry, of thoroughbred Arabian barb type. Those of the irregular cavalry perform all manner of charges and evolutions. They will throw their swords and matchlocks into the air, catching them by the hilts and stocks. On one occasion, by way of offering some new and unusual entertainment to a French officer visiting that region, it was announced that one rider would attempt the needle threading feat.

A needle and a piece of thread possibly two or three feet in length were produced. They were both handed around for inspection. The needle was a cambric one and the thread fifty or sixty fine.

The rider galloped his mount down the sand about 400 yards or so. He finally wheeled his horse and remained stationary, facing his audience. The man who held the needle and thread waved them in his hand and rode toward the other. When he had covered about two-thirds of the distance he halted and waved his hand to the farther one. Immediately the latter spurred his horse into a gallop and came toward the audience at full speed. As he passed the other he took the needle and thread from his companion, bent over for a moment and pulled up when he reached the visiting Frenchman, holding the threaded needle triumphantly over his head.—St. Louis Republic.

DRESDEN POLICE.

They Are Permitted to Impose Small Fines on Offenders.

One advantage accrues to the respectable member of the community from the minuteness with which the Dresden police look into the affairs of every inhabitant of the city. If he is a careful man and always carries papers which may serve to establish his identity he is practically immune from the indignity of being arrested and marched off to the police station unless, indeed, he commits some especially heinous crime. Does he drive faster than the law permits, does he cross a bridge on the left hand side, he is stopped by the guardian of law and order and requested to give his name. If he has his papers with him the policeman may then and there impose a fine of from 1 to 3 marks. If then he admits that he is in the wrong and pays the fine the incident is closed. If, however, he wishes to appeal from the policeman's decision he may do so. Even in that case he is not arrested, but a day or two later he is notified to appear in court and answer to the charge against him. But then if he is found guilty the lowest fine that can be imposed is 3 marks. That this custom of permitting the policeman personally to impose small fines is little understood by foreigners is shown by a remark made by a gentleman who had lived in Germany the greater part of his life and in Dresden for a number of years. In reply to any inquiry as to whether there was ever any question of corruption in the police department he replied:

"No; none whatever as far as the higher officers are concerned. The individual men, however, may be bribed occasionally. For instance, if I were to walk on the grass in the Grossergarten and a policeman caught me at it I would give him a mark or two, and that would end the matter."

Crushed.

The late Sir Charles Hammond was addressing a meeting during a general election, at which he won a seat in Newcastle, when a man interrupted him: "Get yer 'air cut, Charlie!" he shouted.

Sir Charles, who was a magistrate, calmly adjusted his glasses and silenced the interrupter by saying, "My friend, if I am not mistaken, I have been the means of having your hair cut before today."—London Tatler.

Chastened.

A Wall street broker, turning the corner of Broad street, saw a friend coming down the steps which lead out of the office of a well known financier. This departing caller had a chastened and bored expression on his handsome face, and the Wall street broker inquired the cause. With thoughtful deliberation his friend replied:

"I just have been experiencing the unconscious insolence of conscious wealth."—New York Press.

Easier.

"Better take a hardwood table ma'am. It is the fashionable thing," the dealer said.

"No," said the young woman; "baby will soon be old enough to hammer, and he never could drive a nail into hard wood. I'll take a plain pine table."—New York Journal.

Housekeeper's Reason.

"What is your chief objection to moving pictures?"

"The dust that has accumulated behind them."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Dictionary.

"Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read," says Emerson in his essay on books. "There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion, the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing is wanting but a little shuffling, sorting, ligature and cartilage."

DANCING STARS.

The Twinklers Seem to Jump When Viewed Through a Telescope.

One of the most interesting things appearing in the telescope when that instrument is pointing heavenward is the appearance of jumping stars. Of course we can see stars twinkle without a telescope, but with a telescope they may be seen to jump and actually to dance. The cause is the same—mixing currents of light and heavy air causing refraction or bending of the rays of light coming from the star. We can see the same phenomenon by looking at a small object in a room through the air directly over a hot radiator. The object seems to jump and dance as if playing hide and seek with itself.

This jumping in the telescope or twinkling to the naked eye has also been explained by what is called interference. If two sources of light are placed close to each other, then on a screen placed properly we can catch an alternate band of white and dark lines. Of course if the eye be placed at a dark line it can see neither source of light. The production of these dark lines is accomplished by different light waves reaching the screen in opposite phases so as to blot out or cancel the effect due to each. In like manner it can be shown that if the star has polychromatic light it can and has actually been observed to change color from this effect alone.

The best time to observe this effect of star dancing is on a cold, crisp night. The telescope should be pointed to a twinkling star as near the horizon as can be found, as to see a star on the horizon we have to look through much more atmosphere than to see one in the zenith, and there is consequently more chance for varied currents.—St. Louis Republic.

THE STICK CAME BACK.

Coleridge Was In the Habit of Losing and Recovering It.

Of walking sticks there is no end. For interesting sticks, however, the one which Coleridge was in the habit of losing during his tramping days must take first place. The philosopher was never happy till he had got it back. He sent the crier round. Here is the cry, as noted by Mr. Lucas in one of his essays: "Missing, a curious walking stick. On one side it displays the head of an eagle, the eyes of which represent rising suns and the ears Turkish crescents. On the other side is the portrait of the owner in woodwork. Around the neck is a Queen Elizabeth's ruff in tin. All down it waves the line of beauty in very ugly carving."

And then came the appeal and warning note: "If any gentleman (or lady) has fallen in love with the above described stick and secretly carried off the same he (or she) is hereby earnestly admonished to conquer a passion the continuance of which must prove fatal to his (or her) honesty. And if the said stick has slipped into such a gentleman's (or lady's) hand through inadvertence he (or she) is requested to rectify the mistake with all convenient speed. God save the king!" The stick came back!—London Chronicle.

The Early Circus.

Leaving out of count the great circuses of Rome and Antioch and coming down to something of modern times, the first circus in England was on a footpath known as Halfpenny Hatch, in the Waterloo road, London. There, in 1770, Astley's first performance was given, with the aid of a drum, two fifes and one clown. A charge of sixpence was made for the front standing places. There was no building and not even a tent, but merely a ring of ropes and stakes. Primitive as were the arrangements, Astley soon attracted good audiences and was able to add to his program conjuring, transparencies, vaulting and tumbling, with displays of fireworks. In course of time he was able to hire an inclosed ground and erected seats under a substantial roof. He called the place Astley's amphitheater riding house.

Fooled the King.

In one of Sir Richard Francis Burton's rare collections of ancient Arabian stories is a story of how the king went into the dark among his sleeping slaves and detected the man he was after by putting his head upon all their breasts and listening to the tumult of the heart. The king cut off a lock of the culprit's hair, so he could tell him next day. But what did the sly rascal do but sneak up and cut every other slave's hair. When all the slaves were mustered next day before the throne the king saw he was beaten by a master mind and said, "Don't dare do it again." The king ought to have tried the Chinese test by giving them dry rice grains to chew. In fright the saliva will not flow, and the culprit has to spit his rice out dry.—New York Press.

A Gentle Hint.

Little Bobby had been forbidden to ask for dessert. The other day they forgot to serve him, and as Bobby is very obedient he remained silent, although much affected.

"Josephine," said the father, "pass me a plate."

"Won't you have mine?" cried little Bobby. "It is very clean."

An Exception.

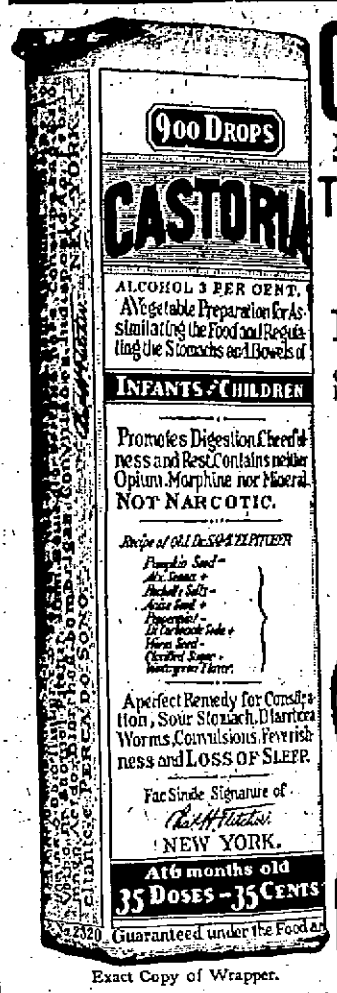
Smith (dogmatically)—There is no rule without an exception. Brown—Oh, yes, there is! There is no exception to the rule that a man must always be present while being shaved.

Clap an extinguisher upon your irony if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it.—Lamb.

Ought to Cheer Him.

Figg—What's the matter, old man? You're looking wretched. Fogg—I'm not myself at all today. Figg—Oh, come; that's nothing to feel wretched about.—Exchange.

Fashion is only the attempt to realize art in living forms and social intercourse.—Holmes.



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Gutta Percha.

Gutta percha is a poor conductor of electricity, for which reason it is most successfully used for insulation of electric cables and other electric conducts. Friction causes negative electrification.

Birds of Paradise.

Probably no famous bird has a smaller habitat than the bird of paradise. No one knows why the varieties of this beautiful bird are confined to the island of New Guinea and the neighboring coasts of Australia. There are many other islands not far away where the conditions would seem to be equally favorable to their existence, but they are not found among them.

Sundials In China.

The Chinese have carried the art of sundials to perfection. One Chinese watchmaker has arranged his front porch in such a way the shadow of the posts tells the time by which to regulate the watches.

Sense of Smell.

There is no end to the curiosities of smell. It is, for instance, the vapor of a liquid that smells and not the liquid in the mass itself. If eau de cologne be poured into the nostril the nose refuses to recognize any odor there at all.

Convicts In Norway.

The convicts of Norway are made to till the soil.

An Ancient Clock.

There is at Castletown, in the Isle of Man, a clock that was telling Manxmen the time of day before Oliver Cromwell was born, and there is a clock, it is said, still marking time at Castle Rushen which Queen Elizabeth herself presented to the owner of that castle.

High Winds In Scotland.

It is a common occurrence for a train to be brought to a standstill on the Scotch highlands by the force of the wind.

Pickled Statues.

The marbles in Westminster palace are treated to a bath once a year. They are first sponged off with water and then "pickled." This pickle consists of a solution of soft soap and sulphur, which removes the incrustations due to the smoke laden atmosphere and is said to do the marble no harm.

Chinese Newspapers.

The Chinese newspaper is generally printed on a roll, so that the purchaser may tear off and throw away that part which he has perused.

An English Borough.

In the days of "rotten boroughs" in England that of Gatton Park is said to have been the worst. It had only one qualified voter, and yet it returned two members of parliament. Of course with this right the property was very valuable, and in 1830 it was purchased by Lord Monson for $500,000. Two years later it was disfranchised.

The Tail of a Wolf.

The wolf carries its tail hanging down because in that position it is less conspicuous and better eludes detection. A family of wolves playing together undisturbed occasionally carry their tails curled upward.

Analysis of a Tear.

The chief element in the composition of a tear is water, but with water are associated minute proportions of salt, soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda and mucus, and when seen under the microscope a tear after evaporation looks like a very small fish bone, owing to the salines forming themselves into lengthened cross lines.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A Nice (?) Distinction.

Her son had married a fair lady friend,
The sort young fellows don't write home about.
One soothed, "It may come right, dear, in the end."
She said, "The Lord's ways are past finding out."
The mother sighed: "But one thing cannot mend!
The woman's not respectable!" "No doubt,"
The comforter smiled back, "but, then, she's—well,
My dear, she's perfectly presentable."
—Life.

Holding Her Own.

The patient, an elderly gentleman, became quite ill while the doctor was absent upon a holiday, the indisposition being the result of too frequent potations. A female nurse was at once engaged to care for him in his hotel.

A lady residing in the same hotel became aware of his illness and interested herself to the extent of one morning inquiring concerning his condition of the chambermaid.

"Shure, ma'am," replied Maggie, "an' I think he do be gettin' along very well. The nurse was sittin' on his lap this mornin'."—Western Druggist.

The Ravages of the Pillow.

The baby's hair begins to wear.
See how her head shows through!
She'll have to get some new.
There's such a tremendous wear and tear
On little Babykins' suit of hair.

The baby's shoe is good as new,
Her stockings are not worn,
Her jacket is not torn,
But the back of her head—it is all threadbare.
The baby is dreadfully hard on hair.
—Woman's Home Companion.

A Night Churiey.

The triplane, making a twelve hour journey from London to Hongkong, had got into difficulties among the stars. Something apparently was wrong with the engine, for the customary speed of the airship had suddenly and considerably slackened.

"Good heavens!" cried the skipper. "We shall be half a second late! What makes her go so slow?"

"Why, sir," replied the engineer, "we're passin' through the Milky way, an' the propeller's full o' butter!"—Ideas.

Give Her Everything.

Votes for women, coats for women,
Hats for women, too;
Clothes for women, beaux for women—
Any kind will do—
Hips for women, trips for women,
Timely winter jaunts,
'Tis inhuman to rob woman
Of anything she wants.
—Kansas City Journal.

His Misapprehension.

"Great goshalmightly!" horrifiedly ejaculated honest Farmer Hornbeak in the midst of his perusal of the patent side of the village newspaper. "It's come, just as I knew it would!"

"Why, what's the matter, Ezry?" cried his wife.

"They're sellin' us farmers into slavery! That's what! Here's an item headed, 'Three Rubens Under the Hammer!'"—Puck.

Superficially Speaking.

Should the cost of living much higher grow—
And it surely will, the pessimists say—
You'll see the ultimate consumer go
Down into the ultimate consomme.
—Chicago Tribune.

Taking No Chances.

An epileptic dropped in a fit on the streets of Boston not long ago and was taken to a hospital. Upon removing his coat there was found pinned to his waistcoat a slip of paper on which was written: "This is to inform the surgeon that this is just a case of plain fit, not appendicitis. My appendix has already been taken out twice."—Healthy Home.

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections, and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.
MIDY
Sold by all druggists.

TO SWAMP THE LORDS.

A Threat That Always Brings England's Upper House to Terms.

To override the veto of the house of lords by a wholesale creation of peers is a plan that has been often threatened, but hardly ever put into practice. It certainly places the king in a very unenviable predicament—so much so that in 1719, after a crisis of the kind, George I. caused to be introduced into the lords a bill for limiting the power of the sovereign to create peers, a sort of royal self denying ordinance.

The measure was twice passed in the lords, but twice rejected by the commons, which was lucky, for had it been carried it would have made the house of lords an almost unchangeable body, entirely beyond the control of king or minister or commons.

The nearest approach that was ever made to "swamping the lords" was in 1832, when the fate of the great reform bill trembled in the balance. Over and over again the measure had been passed by the commons, only to be rejected by the lords. The country was furious. Payment of taxes was refused. Riots broke out everywhere.

The prime minister, Lord Grey, went to the king and begged him to create new peers to carry the bill. His majesty refused, and the ministry resigned. The king, however, presently changed his mind and, fearing a revolution, agreed to the creation of a hundred new peers, "or more if necessary." Then, very reluctantly, the upper house gave way, and the bill became law.—London Family Herald.

THE DEATH DICE.

A Murder Case In Which They Returned a Just Verdict.

The German emperor some time ago presented to the Hohenzollern museum the "death dice" with which one of his ancestors decided a difficult case in the seventeenth century. The history of these dice is generally given as follows:

A young girl had been murdered. Suspicion fell upon two young soldiers, Ralph and Alfred, who were suitors for her hand. They both denied their guilt, and even torture failed to extract a confession from either.

Then Elector Frederick William decided to cut the knot by means of the dice box. The two soldiers should throw for their lives and the loser should be executed as the murderer.

The event was celebrated with great solemnity. Ralph had the first chance and threw sixes, the highest possible number. The dice box was then given to Alfred. He fell on his knees and prayed. Then he rose to his feet and threw the dice with such force that one of them was broken. The whole one showed six, the broken one also gave six on the larger portion, and the fragment split off showed one. This was a total of thirteen, one beyond Ralph's throw. The audience held its breath in amazement.

"God has spoken!" cried the prince.

Ralph, appalled by what he regarded as a sign from heaven, confessed his guilt and was sentenced to death.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Got What She Wanted.

"I can stand for some things, but not for everything," said the clerk as he watched a stylishly dressed young woman leave the store.

"What is the matter?" asked the proprietor, who had walked up unobserved.

"That woman who just left hustled up to the counter and asked to see men's shirts. I showed her every style and color we carry. After inspecting the entire stock she rose and thanked me sweetly, adding: 'I didn't wish to purchase any. You see, I am making my husband some shirts, and I wanted to be sure I was doing them right. My husband is very particular about the finish of his shirts.' And they say married women are so considerate."

The boss smiled and walked away.—Boston Traveler.

The Sun.

It is computed that the temperature of the sun would be expressed by 18,000 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, or about ninety times the temperature of boiling water. This is about five times the temperature that man is able to produce by artificial means. The light given off from the surface of the sun is reckoned as being 5,300 times more intense than that of the molten metal in a Bessemer converter, though that is of an almost blinding brilliancy, or, if we compare it with the oxyhydrogen flame, the sun sheds a light equal in brilliancy to 146 times the intensity of the limelight.

Plant That Feigns Death.

In South America there is a plant, a species of mimosa, which resorts to death feigning, evidently for the purpose of preventing grass eating animals from eating it. In its natural state this plant has a vivid green hue, but directly it is touched by a human finger or by any living animal it collapses into a tangle of apparently dead and withered stems. Among British wild plants the most sensitive to touch is the insectivorous sundew of English bogs.—London Globe.

Kind Critics.

"How did Jones get such a reputation both as a singer and an artist?"

"He sang before the Painters' club and painted pictures for the Musicians' union."—Cleveland Leader.

Reason Enough.

"Why does she think he has such a splendid future?"

"Because she has promised to marry him, I guess."—Houston Post.

"So your wife wants to vote?" "Not exactly," replied Mr. Meekton, "She wants the opportunity of voting if she wishes. Then she will do as she likes about it."—Washington Star.

"What did you do in the army?' 'Most of the time I was in charge of a squad of men.' "On special duty 'No—they were taking me to the guardhouse."—Cleveland Leader.

GIGANTIC TREE STUMPS.

Big Enough to Be Hollowed Out and Used For Houses.

The fine firs of the Pacific northwest are so colossal that after the trees are hewed down the stumps are used for children's playgrounds, houses for families to live in or for dancing platforms.

To make a stump house the material from the interior is removed, leaving only enough to form walls of suitable thickness. A roof of boards or shingles is put over the top of the stump, holes are cut for windows and doors, and a family of five can and often does make it their dwelling. The stump houses are sometimes used by settlers until they can build larger and more convenient homes.

After the stump home has been vacated it is turned into a stable for the horses or sometimes into an inclosure for chickens or hogs.

Next to the big tree of California the fir or sequoia of Washington and Oregon has the largest diameter. As they decay rapidly, the hollowing out is easy. Sometimes they are used for dance platforms, some of them accommodating as many as four couples.

Another custom is to turn the big stumps into playgrounds for the children. The children reach the top by pieces of wood nailed against the sides or by ladders. A beautiful use of the large stumps is making them into flower beds and covering them with trailing vines.—Chicago Tribune.

THE WAISTCOAT.

It Became Popular by the Patronage of Charles II.

Few men realize how much they are being influenced in their dress by King Charles II., and yet it is to that monarch we owe the adoption of the waistcoat as a regular article of gentleman's dress, says London M. A. P. At least that is so if we are to accept the statement of Pepys, who in his diary under date of Oct. 16, 1666, states: "The king has declared his resolution to set a fashion which he would never alter," and "This day King Charles II. began to put on his vest. It is a very fine and handsome garment."

Prior to this date they were exceptional garments, and there is even some doubt whether they were originally worn by ladies or gentlemen, though there is good reason to believe they superseded the doublet, such as was worn by Raleigh, Essex and other notables of the Elizabethan age.

A neat waistcoat "wrought in silk and gold" is mentioned in "Patient Grissell," 1602, and there is a painting in distemper of a vest on the walls of Winchester cathedral, dated 1489, so that what Charles II. took was merely an existing garment, which he remodeled, and by his patronage so popularized it that it became a standard article of gentleman's dress.

Clever Reasoning.

Rather an original lesson in political economy was that once taught by the Japanese nobleman Awoto and thus translated by Sir Edwin Arnold in "Seas and Lands:"

One evening as he was going to the palace to take his turn in keeping the night watch he let ten cash drop out of his tinder case into the stream and then bought fifty cash worth of torches to search for the lost coin. His friends laughed at him for spending so much in order to recover so little, and he replied, with a frown:

"Silly, you are foolish and ignorant of economics. Had I not sought for these ten cash they would have been lost forever—sunk in the bottom of the Namerigawa. The fifty cash which I have expended on torches will remain in the hands of the tradesman. Whether he has them or I is no matter, but not a single one of the sixty has been lost, and that is a clear gain to the country."

Wedding Ring Mottoes.

When posies or mottoes inscribed inside wedding rings were first introduced does not seem to be known, but from the sixteenth century until the middle of the eighteenth it was customary to have them engraved on rings. These mottoes seldom consisted of more than two lines of a verse, often of only one, but there are a few instances known where three lines were used. Some of these posies are very quaint and curious, and a few reach a high standard of poetic beauty. The South Kensington museum has a good collection of posy rings, and among them are the following inscriptions: "United hearts death only parts;" "Let us share in joy and care;" "Love and live happily."—London Standard.

The Cause.

"Did you hear the awful shriek that engine gave as it flew by?" asked the first man as they approached a railroad crossing.

"Yes. What caused it?" rejoined his companion.

"I presume the engineer had it by the throttle."—Smart Set.

A Mean Retort.

"There goes a man I could have married," she said softly.

"Yes," he chuckled, "and I notice that he keeps on going as though he were afraid you might try it again."—Detroit Free Press.

"He seems to be cheerful." "He is. He found a dollar in an old suit of clothes yesterday morning, and now he thinks his luck has turned."—Detroit Free Press.

Pa—But, young man, do you think you can make my little girl happy? Suitor—Do I? Say, I wish you could have seen her when I proposed!—Cleveland Leader.

Did Simkins get any damages in that assault case?" "Did he? My dear fellow you ought to see his face."—St. Louis Star.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Swimming Stroke for Women.

"Leander wasn't much of a swimmer if it bothered him any to swim the Hellespont," said Swimming Instructor G. H. Corsan of the Brookline municipal baths.

"Now, if Leander had used the 'Australian crawl,'" Mr. Corsan continued, "instead of the old-fashioned 'breast stroke,' he'd have been across the Hellespont before he knew he was started."

Instructor Corsan has been telling Brookline swimmers that they don't know what swimming is if they don't know the "Australian crawl," the Boston Herald says. "The Australians didn't invent this stroke. In the British museum there is a basrelief of some Assyrians crossing a river—men, women and children—with their enemies shooting arrows at them from the bank. Those Assyrians—and heaven knows how old the basrelief is—are employing this 'Australian crawl' as plain as day. They'd laugh to see us floundering along with our clumsy breast stroke. The 'Australian crawl' is the only thing for ease, grace, speed and hygiene. It's great exercise for the shoulder and arm muscles, yet there is no effort to it.

"On that account it's a fine thing for girls and women. Up in Toronto, which is my native city, I have been teaching the girls this 'crawl.' They got tired of being taken out canoeing in Toronto bay, having the canoe upset and being left by the fellows to drown or get ashore as best they might. No, Toronto boys aren't more ungallant than any others. They're about alike anywhere. But Toronto girls decided they'd learn to swim for themselves. They are experts too."

The Fate of a Telltale.

The conductor of one of the few cars that do not require the passengers to "pay as they enter" murmured to the man on the rear seat the other day that he knew one of the women in the car had not paid her fare but could not be sure which women it was.

"Look for one who fiddles with her hatpins or her hair," suggested the passenger. "They always do something like that when they are trying to beat their fare. I've seen 'em."

"I'll try that," said the conductor, and walked up the aisle toward the front. A few moments later he returned to the passenger on the rear seat.

"Well, was I right?" the passenger inquired, and the conductor nodded a little sheepishly.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "she—she said you'd fix it. She said to tell you to pay for her."

"Me?" exclaimed the passenger. "Me? Well, what have I got to do with it? Me? I never heard of such impudence in all my life! Me pay her fare? Well!"

"She's standing up there," said the conductor. "Do you know her?"

The man looked and then fished a nickel out of his pocket, sullenly.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I—know her. She—she happens to be my wife."—Phila. Times.

Did Not Need Sympathy.

A couple of old salts met after a long absence, and the following animated conversation ensued:

"Well, old man, how are you getting on?"

"First rate! I have taken a wife."

"A very sensible idea."

"Not a bit of it; she's a regular Tartar."

"Then I'm sorry for you, mate."

"There's no need: she brought me a large vessel as her marriage portion."

"Then you made a good bargain, after all?"

"Nothing to boast of, I can tell you. The ship turned out a worthless old tinder-box."

"Then I'm sorry I spoke."

"Bah! You can speak as much as you like. The old tub was well insured and went down on her first voyage."

"So you got the pull there, anyhow?"

"Not so much, mate; I only got £500 out of the job as my share."

"That was too bad."

"Too bad? Nothing of the sort! Wife was on board and went down with the feat."—London Tit-Bits.

Was She Logical?

The tall, dark girl who is the boss's assistant and who looks as if nectar from a golden goblet were her accustomed beverage went to the office water cooler to quench her thirst. There she found the little stenographer, sleek of hair, trim of waist and plump of shoulder.

"I think," remarked the boss's assistant, by way of being pleasant, while she carefully rinsed the drinking utensil, "that the office might afford a new and unchipped glass for us, don't you? I hate to use this; it never seems clean."

"I don't see," responded the stenographer wonderingly, "why you think it isn't clean. Everybody drinks out of it!" Tip in the New York Press.

An Actress' Pets.

Miss Maud Adams is so very fond of animals and of the outdoor life of the country that she owns, besides her city and mountain homes, a farm of more than 200 acres on Long Island, says a writer in Our Dumb Animals. It is not generally known that such a place exists as this charming country house at Ronkonkoma. And yet it is true that, as some one has said, "If Miss Adams were not an actress she would be a farmer." As it is, she spends every moment of her time that she can with her pigs and dogs and horses. She has a special liking for St. Bernard dogs and always keeps two or three splendid creatures of this breed as watchdogs.

The Next Move.—A substantial looking man halted for a moment in the street, pulled out a wallet and examined a card which he took from it. As he dropped the card back and closed the book a fat wad of bills showed in one of the compartments. A pair of pickpockets passing caught sight of the money, and, with a rapid exchange of meaning glances, they dropped a little behind and followed the man for several blocks with the view of availing themselves of the first opportunity to relieve him of the roll. After a while the man with the wad suddenly turned and entered a lawyer's office, leaving the pickpockets facing each other with looks of dismay.

"What shall we do now?" growled one of them.

"Let us wait for the lawyer," said the other.

Hubby—What! You paid $50 for imported hat? It's monstrous—it's a sin! Wife (sweetly)—No matter; the sin will be on my head!"—Lippincott's.

Settling a Dispute.

Richard Le Gallienne said at a dinner:

"Literary disputes are interesting if properly conducted. Too many of them, however, are suggestive of the Shakespearean dispute in Tin Can.

"Prof. Bill Billus of the Tin Can Dancing Academy delivered a lecture in the Lone Hand saloon, and in the course of his argument recited "The boy stood on the burning deck,' a gem, he declared, from Shakespeare's 'Othello'.

"But an interrupter rose and strode forward.

"'I, sir, am a Boston gent,' said the interrupter, 'and I certify that no Shakespeare ever wrote that piece.'

"'Friend,' said Prof. Billus, gently, 'I can convince you that he done so.'

"'Convince away,' said the Bostonian, skeptically.

"So Prof. Billus led off with his right foot and followed up the argument with a brass cuspidor, falling, in a subsequent clinch, on top.

"'Who writ the piece?' he shouted, as he pummelled his opponent steadily.

"'Shakespeare,' the Bostonian answered in smothered tones from beneath.

"'Are you sure?' asked the professor.

"'Dead sure,' was the reply, 'seen him do it.'"—Washington Star.

Proved It was Cheese Pie.

Will Telling has a new story on tap concerning a good women who was interrupted in her pastry-making by the advent of a chatty neighbor who had run in—this was in the summer time—for five minutes of gossip.

"And what are you doing this morning, my dear?" asked the curious one of the housewife, who had hastily laid aside her kitchen apron.

"I'm making a cheese pie," was the answer. "Would you like to see it?"

The reply being in the affirmative, both went into the kitchen.

"Why," said the caller, "I thought you said you were making a cheese pie? This is a current pie you're preparing."

"Indeed, it's nothing of the kind," retorted she of the kitchen. "Swish!" And a battalion of flies rose lazily and buzzed about the place. "'Tis a cheese pie, I would have you understand, even if there's a fly or two about the house!"

Mr. Telling says it's nothing rare to witness the making of such current pies in the summer time even in well-conducted households.—Cleveland Leader.

Power of Imagination.—"The imagination is wonderful," said a college professor. "I knew a Chicago man who went last summer to Asbury Park. He didn't reach Asbury Park till ten at night, and very tired, he turned in at once. As he settled his head comfortably on the pillow he said to his wife:

"Listen to the thunder and hiss of the surges, Maria. I haven't heard that glorious sound for forty years. No more insomnia now!"

"And indeed for the first time in three months the man slept like a log. But when he awoke in the morning he found that the uproar which had lulled him to sleep was the noise of a garage in the rear of the hotel. The sea was over a mile away."—Detroit Free Press.

Unappreciative. — A Washington woman has in her employ as butler a darkey of a pompous and satisfied mien, says Harper's Magazine, who not long ago permitted a chocolate colored damsel, long his ardent admirer, to become his spouse. On one occasion when the mistress of the house had occasion temporarily to avail herself of the services of the butler's wife it was observed that whenever the duties of the two brought them in conjunction the bride's eyes would shine with extraordinary devotion.

"Your wife seems wonderfully attached to you, Thomas," casually observed the mistress of the house.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Thomas complacently. "Ain't it jest sickenin'?"

"I don't understand you, Linda. One day you're bright and jolly and the next depressed and sad." "Well, I'm in half-mourning, that's why."—Fliegende Blatter.

"How much does it cost to get married?" asked the eager youth. "That depends entirely on how long you live replied the sad-looking man.—Philadelphia Record.

Willy—What's the difference between lunch and luncheon? Nilly—about two dollars.—Yale Record

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

In the United States the percentage of railroads which are not engaged in carriage of mails is very small.

Relief from Sick Headache, Drowsiness, Nausea, Dizziness, Pain in the Side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. These complaints are nearly always caused by torpid liver and constipated bowels. Restore these organs to their proper functions and the trouble ceases. Carter's Little Liver Pills will do this every time. One pill is a dose. Don't forget this. Price 25 cents.

Charles Frohman is said to have nearly three thousands actors and actresses on his salary list.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

The average daily clearings of the New York clearing houses last year amounted to $211,113,023.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

The city of Milwaukee has almost abolished the use of horses in all municipal departments.

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her, now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

POWDER AND GUNS.

Evidence That They Were Used Long Before the Christian Era.

There is abundant evidence that the origin of gunpowder and artillery goes far back in the dim ages of the past.

The Hindoo code, compiled long before the Christian era, prohibited the making of war with cannon and guns or any kind of firearms. Quintus Curtius informs us that Alexander the Great met with fire weapons in Asia, and Philostratus says that Alexander's conquests were arrested by the use of gunpowder. It is also written that those wise men who lived in the cities of the Ganges "overthrew their enemies with tempests and thunderbolts shot from the walls." Julius Africanus mentions shooting powder in the year 275. It was used in the siege of Constantinople in 668, by the Arabs in 690, at Thessalonica in 904, at the siege of Belgrade in 1073, by the Greeks in naval battle in 1008, by the Arabs against the Iberians in 1147 and at Toulouse in 1218.

It appears to have been generally known throughout civilized Europe as early as 1300, and soon thereafter it made its way into England, where it was manufactured during the reign of Elizabeth, and we learn that a few arms were possessed by the English in 1310 and that they were used at the battle of Crecy in 1346.—Cassier's Magazine.

SHERIDAN'S RUSE.

It Settled the Dramatist's Account With His Wine Merchant.

It is related of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist and statesman, that, always in debt, he had among his creditors the brothers Chalie, who were the partners in a wine firm in 1775.

One day when he was giving a dinner party to some distinguished people Sheridan sent for one of the brothers, told him he was now able to settle his account and invited him to the dinner party, asking him to come before the hour for some private conversation.

Chalie arrived early, and he was no sooner in the house than Sheridan sent off a servant with a note to the clerk, desiring him, as Mr. Chalie was favoring him with his company, to send as soon as possible three dozen of burgundy, two dozen of claret and two dozen of port, with a dozen of old hock.

The unsuspecting clerk sent the wine, with which the guests were so pleased that they asked where it came from. Sheridan, turning toward Chalie, said, "I am indebted to my friend here for all the wine you have tasted and am always proud to recommend him."

It was not until the following morning that Chalie realized the double meaning in Sheridan's words. The debt was canceled.

A Queer Fish.

A male fish which hatches the young of its mate is the Chromis paterfamilias. It is found in the Lake of Tiberias, Palestine. Strange to say, this industrious fish hatches its young in its mouth. When the female has spawned in the sand, the male approaches and draws the eggs into his gills, where they remain until hatched, when they struggle out of their confinement into the parent's mouth. As many as 200 perfect young are sometimes found in the mouth of an adult male. How the fish manages to feed itself without swallowing the young is a mystery. The grown fish is about seven inches long and one and three-quarters wide. Its back is olive green, shot with blue, and the belly is silver white, marked with green and blue. Near ancient Capernaum some hot springs form a small stream which runs into the lake, and it is in these warm waters that the chromis abounds.

No Common Dog.

Gentleman (to dog dealer)—I gave you a high price for this dog last week because you warranted it to be a good house dog. My house was broken into last night, and the dog never even barked.

Dog Dealer—No, sir; I quite believes yer. He was too busy lookin' for the burglars, so as to be able to identify 'em, to even think of barkin'. If you was out with this 'ere dog and was to meet 'em burglars he'd know 'em in a minute. He ain't no common barkin' dog; he's a reg'ter 'tective an' worth 'is weight in gold, he is.—London Answers.

Not Her Fault.

Mrs. Lapsling was expressing her regret that she had been unable on account of illness to be present at the funeral of a neighbor.

"I always feel," she said, "that I ought to attend the obloquies of a friend, but I just couldn't go."—Chicago Tribune.

Inherited.

"And now," said Professor Longhunter as he greeted Henry Peck, "what shall we make of your little boy—a lecturer? He has a sincere taste for it."

"I know he has," replied the male parent. "He inherits it from his mother."

The Polite Chiffonier.

A certain woman while walking down the avenue one Thursday afternoon, her negro maid's, "day out," chanced to meet that young person riding in an automobile with two colored friends. The next day the mistress inquired how the maid had enjoyed her ride.

"Oh, it was certin'y fine!" was the reply. "And the way I come to go, ma'am, was this. I was callin' on my cousin when a friend of hers, a chiffonier, came in. He said he had the machine outside, and asked her to have a ride, and as he concluded me in the invitation, of co'se I went!"—New York Times.

"But what reason have you for thinking women have no aim in life?"

"Well, I've seen several of them try to throw stones."

Stories of Frederick the Great.

In the course of some military evolutions Frederick the Great of Prussia, irritated by some mistake of a captain, ran after him with his stick in order to strike him. The captain ran away. The next morning the commanding officer reported to the king that the officer in question, one of the most efficient in the regiment, had sent in his papers. "Tell him to come to me," said the king. The officer, in great perturbation, came. "Good morning, major," he apostrophized the officer, who was speechless with surprise. "I wanted to tell you of your promotion, but you ran so fast I could not catch you up. Good morning."

Another time an officer attempted to get a comrade into bad odor with the king by telling his majesty that he was a drunkard. In a subsequent battle the latter's fitness was conspicuous, whereas his slanderer played a very poor part. When afterward he defiled past the king at the head of his regiment his majesty called out to him in a voice of thunder, "The sooner you take to drink the better!"

The Old Time Surgeon.

Before anaesthetics were known the surgeon's only expedient was to abridge his patient's sufferings by working rapidly. In this the old time surgeons did wonders. They had a control and a surely in their hands that are now seldom found. One day the celebrated surgeon Maisonneure had to amputate the leg of a poor devil, who began to howl in advance. "I'll give you my watch," said the surgeon, "if the operation lasts more than a minute." The man accepted the offer, but was obliged to forego the handsome watch, as the operation took less time than it requires to describe. To amputate an arm at the shoulder is a most difficult operation. Dr. Langenbeck of Germany did it in two minutes. A young physician who came to see him perform the operation adjusted his spectacles to his nose so as not to lose a single movement, but when the spectacles were in place the operation was over and the severed arm lay on the floor. Times have changed much since then.

Dr. Johnson's Church.

St. Clement Danes has never forgotten the fact that Johnson worshiped within its walls. The pew in which he sat (it is in the north gallery, close to the pulpit) is marked by a brass plate which was erected by the parishioners in 1851. In December, 1884, the centenary of Dr. Johnson's death was observed by a memorial service, when a special address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Lindsay, at that time rector of St. Clement Danes. Johnson's pew was on that occasion draped in violet. Johnson was always constant in his attendance at church on Good Friday and Easter day. On April 9, 1773, he went with Boswell. "His behavior," writes Boswell, "was, as I had imagined to myself, solemnly devout. I shall never forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the litany, 'In the hour of death and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us!'"—London News.

Fine Art of Letter Opening.

In Russia one letter in every ten passing through the post is opened by the authorities as a matter of course. Indeed, the postal authorities of every country have experts who have raised letter opening to a fine art. Some kinds of paper can be steamed open without leaving any traces, and this simple operation is finished by reburnishing the flap with a bone instrument. In the case of a seal a matrix is taken by means of new bread before breaking the wax. When other methods fail the envelope is placed between pieces of wood with edge projecting one-twentieth of an inch. The edge of the envelope is first flattened, then roughened and finally slit open. Later a hair line of strong white gum is applied and the edges united under pressure.—London Chronicle.

Charity and Prudence.

The contradictions of life are many. An observant man remarked recently that he was prowling about a certain city square when he came upon a drinking fountain which bore two conflicting inscriptions.

One, the original inscription on the fountain, was from the Bible, "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Above this hung a placard, "Please do not waste the water."—Youth's Companion.

Stewed Deers' Horns.

Deers' horns when young may form a dish for human consumption. Sir S. W. Baker writes, "When the large horns of the sambur, or wapiti, are growing they make an excellent dish, first scalded to divest them of down and then gently stewed with a good sauce and a few vegetables."—London Mail.

Her Description.

Muggins—Women have such queer ways of expressing themselves! Buggins—Such as? Muggins—Well, my wife was telling me about Miss Yellowleaf and said she was a sight to behold and in the very next breath said she wasn't fit to be seen.—Philadelphia Record.

Rural Amenities.

Fair Passenger—But, good gracious, why didn't the train stop here? It is supposed to. Porter—Yes, miss, but the engine driver has quarreled with the station master.—Pele Mele.

A Conclusion.

"Her husband doesn't smoke, drink, chew, swear or play cards."

"Introduce me. Widows are my specialty."—Houston Post.

Prince Rudolf Leichtenstein, hereditary lord Chamberlain to the Imperial Court, who died several months ago, left a mysterious legacy to the Vienna Academy of Sciences in the form of a sealed case of documents. They were understood to be of great historic interest, but the seals are not to be broken for 50 years.

When riches take wings, poverty gives it to us in the neck.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1910.

QUERIES.

6740. HOLMES—John, George, and Lazarus Holmes, with their families, went from Portsmouth, N. H., to Jefferson, N. H., where they had land deeded to them in the fall of 1797, by Joseph Whipple. A note at Jefferson says they came "from the Navy Yard at Portsmouth." An untrustworthy—because unverified—family tradition says: John, "Samuel," and George Holmes came from Kent, Eng., to Portsmouth, some time in 1700, in a vessel commanded by one Captain Whipple, with whom they afterwards went to Jefferson. There were Holmeses at Portsmouth as early as 1699, nearly one hundred years before the Jefferson Holmeses are said to have come from "the Navy Yard at Portsmouth." It seems entirely probable, owing to names, etc., that the Jefferson Holmeses came from the early family of this name at Portsmouth. John Holmes of Jefferson, at the head of this query, was married when he went to Jefferson, and had it is said, in all, twelve sons, of whom George was my grandfather; he was born in 1777, and married Mary Maxey of Jefferson; they moved to Sheppley, near York, Maine, about 1815. A very considerable Holmes posterity remained at Jefferson. I am anxious to discover the ancestry of my great grandfather, John Holmes (from Portsmouth) of Jefferson, N. H.—B. M.

6741. SALISBURY—I would like information concerning ancestry, &c., of a John Salisbury "who was a captain in the Revolution, lived near the 'Green River,' and whose wife was Mary Wing."—F. G.

6742. BENJAMIN—John Benjamin and his son Richard emigrated to America from Wales in 1632 by the brig Lion, and settled at Watertown, Mass. I should be glad to learn any particulars of his descendants.—L. W.

6743. PENDLETON—Zebulon Pendleton, b. May 27, 1760, son of Amos and Susannah (Chesebro) Pendleton of Westerly, R. I.; m. Oct. 15, 1780, Thankful, daughter of Joseph and Mercy (Lillibridge) Wells, of Hopkinton, R. I. Probably moved into New York State soon after marriage. Two of his children visited Westerly; married near 1814. Zebulon was living in 1819. Information desired concerning him or his descendants.—O. B.

6744. SMITH—Hannah, daughter of Judge James and Mary Leete Hooker, of Guilford, Conn., married about 1715 or 20, Thomas Smith. Nothing further is known of him.

Mehitable, sister of Hannah above, married 1724, John Smith, son of Thomas and Susannah Odell Smith of New York, and, it is supposed, settled at Rye, N. Y.

Can any one give any further information of these families? Are there any descendants?—F. S.

6745. BRIGGS—I am desirous of obtaining information as to Phineas Briggs and his family, especially his son Lemuel, who married Content Colton, of Fall River, Mass., or in that vicinity. Lemuel died about the year 1812 in Russia, N. Y.—F. S.

6746. ELDRIDGE—I desire to trace the descendants and ancestry of Daniel Eldredge (Eldred) who had a daughter Susanna, said to have been born in Newport, R. I., July 17, 1700. Can any one assist me?—D. M.

Washington Matters.

The Capital Resembles a Deserted Village—The Insurgent Movement has Encountered a Slump—The Work of the Tariff Board—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., July 7, 1910.

Since last week the national capital has become a deserted village. Congress, the President, the diplomatic corps and society have all scattered. Simultaneously with the departure of the President and Congress, the point of national interest was shifted to New York when the ex-President returned, and it now appears that wherever he is there the middle men of the press are gathered together and from that point political news is dispersed. Business will still go on at the national capital, but in an uninspired, humdrum, mechanical way through the $1800 clerks who really know the routine better than Presidents and cabinets and chiefs of bureaus. But until the first or middle of October there will be but little to attract the attention of the public to Washington.

Since the adjournment of Congress, two Senators, Daniels of Virginia, and McHenry of Louisiana, have died; one, McCumber of North Dakota, has been re-elected and Representative Gronna of that state has also been elected to the Senate to fill an unexpired term of Johnson of North Dakota, who died shortly after he was elected.

To all appearances there is a slight slump in the insurgency movement. It is announced that Senators Cummins and Dolliver have cancelled lecturing engagements, and the Ballinger and Pythias relation renewed between the President and the ex-President at Beverly is a straw indicating political accord and peace. Col. Roosevelt's determination to keep his hands off politics has yielded to Gov. Hughes' solicitation and he is mixed in the New York legislative fight with a result that appears to be temporary defeat.

Those who are giving the subject of the tariff board investigations attention are of the opinion that the wool and cotton schedules will be brought urgently before Congress at the next session. The President has directed this board to make a careful investigation of all the tariff schedules, and the board has arranged to do so. Each schedule is to have the attention of experts and it is believed that very special attention is to be given to the wool schedule and to the cotton schedule. It will be remembered that during the special session for the enactment of a new tariff law the debates brought out the fact that the wool schedule was the most important of all. The most progressive Senators of the Republican side were strenuous in their urgency of lower rates. Senator Dolliver of Iowa eloquently assailed the wool schedule. He made the most positive and pronounced statements that under the wool schedule there were all sorts of outrageous abuses. The President himself, while mainly approving the late tariff legislation as the best that had heretofore been enacted, it is said has nevertheless held that the wool schedule was without defense, and judging by the facts presented to the Senate by Dolliver and others and by the President's known opinion on the subject, it is anticipated that the tariff board will advise that both the wool and cotton schedules be mended by the reduction of duties.

There is no doubt that the Republican party will in the coming elections have a better standing than was expected two or three months ago. The government is winding up the fiscal year in good shape. All the figures relating to receipts and expenditures are not yet in, but such as are now in show that the Treasury will get through the year with practically no deficit. This is very much better than the financial condition one year ago. A new system has been adopted in the Treasury statement, and the ordinary receipts and disbursements are kept apart from the Panama Canal account. If this account should be taken into consideration, there would be a deficit of about thirty-four millions. At this time one year ago the fiscal year ended with a deficit of fifty-nine millions to the account of ordinary receipts and disbursements and one hundred and eighteen millions taking into consideration the account of the Panama Canal. It will be a matter of satisfaction to Americans sufficiently well informed in financial affairs to know that ordinary receipts and expenditures now nearly balance each other.

MOODY IS IMPROVING

Friends Say He Expects to Return to the Supreme Bench

Magnolia, Mass., July 7.—Friends of Associate Justice Moody of the United States supreme court still hold to the opinion that he will not resign at present, and some of them go so far as to say that he will not accept the provisions of his retirement act.

Those few friends who have seen him recently state that his health seems slightly improved and that he holds strongly to the belief in his ultimate recovery and resumption of his seat on the supreme bench.

Ever since he was taken ill with rheumatism many months ago he has held this belief and so long as he continues to show improvement, however slight, his friends do not expect that he will take advantage of the act whose provisions expire in a trifle over four months.

"ROOSEVELT LED ASTRAY"

Opinion of Ballinger, Who Says Poindexter is a Socialist

Washington, July 7.—Secretary Ballinger of the interior department, referring to the report from Oyster Bay that Mr. Roosevelt had espoused the cause of Miles Poindexter as a candidate for the senate to succeed Senator Piles of Washington, said:

"If the published report is true Mr. Roosevelt has been badly led astray by the deception of the people who claim to be his friends." He added that he had taken no active part in the politics of Washington for a long while.

"I do not consider Mr. Poindexter a Republican," he continued, "but a rank Socialist, or, rather, if he is not one he will be one soon."

WILL MAKE SPEECH FOR BEVERIDGE

Roosevelt's Promise to "Progressive" Indiana Senator

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 8.—Albert G. Beveridge, United States senator from Indiana and one of the most prominent and consistent of the "progressive" Republicans, came down from Sagamore Hill yesterday afternoon with a promise from Theodore Roosevelt to deliver a campaign speech in his fight for re-election to the senate.

Mr. Beveridge departed content and smiling, but he left it for the colonel to make announcement of the proposed campaign speech in the senator's behalf. And this is what Roosevelt said:

"Mr. Foulke and Mr. Swift came to Sagamore Hill to request me to go to Indiana and speak in behalf of Senator Beveridge, and I promised them that I would."

WEYLER POLICY FOLLOWED

Thousands of Nicaraguans Ordered Into Concentration Camp

Washington, July 8.—A repetition of the Weyler reconcentrado system in Cuba that caused widespread criticism just before the opening of the war with Spain, has been inaugurated in Nicaragua by the government authorities, according to advices to the state department.

Probably 5000 people in the vicinity of the city of Granada are directed to concentrate at Granada, under an order issued by Sebastian Salinas, the political chief, and commandant of the forces of the department of Granada, Nic.

If the fellow who wants the earth should get it, he would still kick about the tax assessor.

THE INS

AND

OUTS OF IT.

The picture is an exact reproduction of an ideal white enameled sanitary refrigerator with solid brass trimmings. Not a bit of wood about it to swell, warp, shrink of decay. Cylindrical in shape and no corners for the accumulation of dirt. Revolving shelves of electrically welded wire. A great ice saver.

Handsome, Durable,

Economical, Sanitary.

Easy to move from room to room because mounted on roller-bearing casters. You can appropriately apply to it the old saying "Handsome is as Handsome Does" because it is the most economical ice chest ever offered for sale. Nursery, pantry and kitchen sizes.

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FEDERAL EXPRESS — COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies traveling alone this is a great advantage.

These trains are splendidly equipped—vestibuled buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS
Daily, Sundays included.
Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. Due Washington at 9.45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

COLONIAL EXPRESS
Daily except Sundays.
Due Washington 9.44 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South Norwalk. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.
For information write A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,
169 THAMES STREET.

Do you ever desire to live the hermit life? Telephone service in his summer home will aid the business man to leave the office for days at a time and still keep in touch with all important matters which may arise.

Long Distance wires reach everywhere, you can talk from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky Mountains.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 142 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

SECOND BANDIT IN JAIL

Absen Leaves Hospital and Is Held Without Bail For Murder

Lynn, Mass., July 6.—Andrew Absen, the second of the Lynn bandits, was lodged in the Salem jail with his confederate, Wasili Iwankowski. Both are charged with the murder of Thomas H. Landregan, the manufacturer, and of Patrolman James H. Carroll, who were shot down June 25 in a Lynn street while on the way from the bank to the Landregan factory with the money for the pay roll.

Absen was shot in the head while fleeing after the murders, and had been in the Lynn hospital. He was arraigned before Judge Lummus in the Lynn court. The proceedings were brief, and he was held without bail and committed to the county jail to await action by the grand jury.

Royal Family Is Expensive

London, July 8.—The select committee of parliament to consider the civil list for King George V recommends a provision of $3,170,000 yearly for the maintenance of the royal family. This is an increase of $55,000 over the allowance made during the last reign.

Wood to Be Army Head

Washington, July 6.—Major General Wood, now in command of the department of the east, will assume his duties as chief of staff of the army, possibly the beginning of next week.

Rum has caused almost as many downfalls as banana skins.

NOTICE
To Taxpayers!

OFFICE OF COLLECTOR OF TAXES,
City Hall, Newport, R. I.

The tax bills for 1910 are now in my hands for collection and must be paid on or before August 31, 1910.

The time allowed by the Representative Council for the payment of this tax expires on the thirty-first day of August, 1910, and according to said ordinance (as authorized by the laws of the State), all taxes not paid on or before that date shall carry, until collected, a penalty at the rate of 12 per centum per annum.

Checks accepted.

Office hours 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

E. W. HIGBEE,
7-9-tf Collector of Taxes.

Carr's List.

BLAZE DERRINGER, by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.
HAPPY ISLAND, The New "Uncle William" Book, by Jeanette Lee.
THE WATER GOATS AND OTHER TROUBLES, by Ellis Parker Butler, author of Pigs is Pigs.
THE DAZZLING MISS DAVISON, by Florence Warden, author of the House on the Marsh.
THE VARMINT, Owen Johnson, author of The Eternal Boy.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

"So your wife is a suffragette?" "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "Why does she want to vote?" "I don't think Henrietta really desires to vote. She's tired of talking to me. She wants a larger and more intelligent audience."—Washington Star.

No. 1563

REPORT

OF the condition of THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business June 30, 1910.

RESOURCES.		DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts		$347,891 10
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		6,517 92
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		2,750 00
Checks and other cash items		29,302 23
Bonds, securities, etc.		188,542 71
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		32,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		82,945 90
Exchanges for clearing house		8,941 68
Notes of other National Banks		1,515 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		615 68
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		
Specie	27,431 40	
Legal-tender notes	1,138 00	28,572 40
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)		5,000 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer		1,400 00
Total		$795,817 55
LIABILITIES		DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in		$100,000 00
Surplus fund		65,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		24,644 91
National Bank notes outstanding		96,800 00
Due to other National Banks		8,681 09
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	91,792 15	
Dividends unpaid	2,164 00	
Individual deposits subject to check	293,566 41	
Demand certificates of deposit	10,255 28	
Certified checks	939 64	399,031 55
Bills payable, including Certificates of Deposit for money borrowed		100,000 00
Total		$795,817 55

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss:

I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of July 1910.

PACKER BRAMAN,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Edward A. Brown, Edward S. Peckham, F. R. Coggeshall, Directors.

No. 1492

REPORT

OF the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business June 30, 1910.

RESOURCES.		DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts		$312,389 53
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		801 21
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		110,000 00
Bonds, securities, etc.		65,600 00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		12,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		50,621 26
Checks and other cash items		288 24
Exchanges for clearing house		7,191 08
Notes of other National Banks		3,785 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		530 64
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		
Specie	24,568 00	
Legal-tender notes	6,500 00	$1,068 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per ct. of circulation)		5,500 00
Total		$568,530 87
LIABILITIES.		DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in		$120,000 00
Surplus fund		50,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		33,810 00
National Bank notes outstanding		105,500 00
Dividends unpaid		5,100 00
Individual deposits subject to check		321,003 16
Demand certificates of deposit		1,117 60
Certified checks		650 00
Cashier's checks outstanding		923 71
Total		$638,530 87

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss:

I, Henry C. Stevens, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of July, 1910.

HAROLD R. CHASE,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Albert K. Sherman, Henry Hull, Jr., George W. Sherman, Directors.

"Meet Me at Barney's."

WE ARE NEVER

UNDERSOLD

Quality Considered.

If you would kindly bear this in mind it would save you money.

BARNEY'S
Music Store,
140 Thames Street.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED PROPOSALS for the construction of a barn for the Rhode Island School for the Feeble Minded in Exeter, R. I., are invited by the State Board of Education and will be received at the office of the Secretary until 12 o'clock, noon, on WEDNESDAY, July 6, 1910.

For information regarding plans and specifications of the proposed building and conditions of bids apply to FRANK HILL, Ashaway, R. I.

The right is reserved to accept or reject any or all bids.

Proposals should be addressed to
WALTER E. RANGER,
Secretary State Board of Education,
6-25-3w Providence, R. I.

RHODE ISLAND
STATE COLLEGE.

Co-operating with R. I. Normal School.

4 Weeks { SUMMER SCHOOL, } at Kingston

July 11 to August 6.

(a) Agriculture, Nature Study, School Gardening.
(b) Education, Drawing, Manual Training, Botany, Zoology, Domestic Economy.
(c) English, History, Geography, &c., leading to examination for teachers' certificate, Aug. 5.

FREE TUITION. SMALL EXPENSE.

Address for Circular,
STATE COLLEGE,
6-25-2w Kingston, R. I.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK.

Dividend No. 90.

A Semi-Annual Dividend of four per cent. will be paid to the stockholders July 1st, 1910.

GEORGE H. PROUD,
7-2 Cashier.

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK.

The Usual Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum will be paid to the depositors on and after July 15th, 1910.

GEORGE H. PROUD,
7-2 Treasurer.

First Boy—Where yer going' in such a rush? Second Boy (on the run)—Fire alarm! First Boy—Where? Second Boy—Boss said he'd fire me if I wasn't back from his errand in ten minutes.—Boston Transcript.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE.

ALL Hackney Carriage Licenses, Hackney Carriage Driver's Licenses, Wagon Licenses and Wagon Driver's Licenses now in force under the provisions of Chapters 84 and 87 of the Ordinances of this City will expire on May 31, 1910.

All persons desiring any of the above mentioned licenses for the year beginning with the first Monday in May, 1910, will make application therefor at the office of the Chief of Police, on or before May 2nd, 1910, that the same may be considered by the Board of Aldermen at the meeting of the said Board to be held May 2d, 1910.

By order of
JAMES R. CROWLEY,
430-11 Chief of Police.

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable
Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

Never-Leak

Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.
6-2-1f

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

5-22-tf

USE

Diamond Hill

BIRD

—AND—

Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,
White and Clean,
INSURES
Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

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Newport, R. I.
5-24-tf

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Newport, R. I.

Correspondent of EDWARD ALTEMUS, member of the Consolidated Stock Exchange, of Philadelphia.

Stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on margin.
9-26-tf

Even the bee may realize that a fool and his honey are soon parted.